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YES OR NO?

BY J. E.

A good man's love! Oh, prithee, stay,
Before you turn such gift away,
And write no unconsidered "No"
To him who proves he loves you so,
And humbly owns your regal sway.

For hearts may change, the wise fold say,
And as full oft the brightest ray,
Fades in an hour, so too may go
A good man's love.

Then pause awhile. This short delay
May gladden many an after-day.
Search with your heart, and if it show
True signs of love, bid pride bend low,
And take this great gift while you may—
A good man's love!

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

THE result of the conversation was that the Earl sent later for Lady Marcia and Mr. Rigby. They found him waiting for them in the library, looking badly weak and ill.

"Your lordship must be careful," said Mr. Rigby.

"Let us save you all the trouble and anxiety we can."

"I have been thinking," remarked the Earl, "of how we shall best arrive at our decision respecting the succession. The two girls are now both well known to us; we know their dispositions thoroughly. We can make as wise a choice now as we could in two years' time; we had better therefore have no further delay. It rests with us three.

"Let us each take a sheet of blank paper, and write on it the name of the one whom we believe to be the best fitted for the position.

"That will be the fairest plan."

"Yes," said Mr. Rigby; "and may Heaven direct us rightly!"

The Earl handed a sheet of writing-paper and a pen to Lady Marcia and to Mr. Rigby.

"Now," he said, "we will each write down the name of the girl we think best fitted to be the future mistress of Poole."

There was not a sound as the name was written, nor did there appear to be the least hesitation.

Lady Marcia paled as she wrote, but her hand was firm; Mr. Rigby acted with business promptitude; and the Earl wrote with slow deliberation.

When they had finished, Lord Cradoc said—

"Now, Rigby, you take the papers and read out the names."

The silence was as the silence of death while the lawyer gathered the three folded sheets in his hand.

He opened the first, and read in a clear firm voice, "Irene Ryeford"; the second—"Irene Ryeford"; the third—"Irene Ryeford"; and there was a pause, during which the Earl fancied that he could hear his own heart beat.

They looked in relief at each other.

"We are all agreed, it seems," said Lady Marcia.

"Irene Ryeford then will be the future Countess of Cradoc and mistress of Poole," said the Earl.

"May Heaven bless her and grant her wisdom and steadfastness!"

"Amen," said Mr. Rigby.

"I think we have made the wisest choice. It is irrevocable now, and will be a great relief."

"I believe that each of us loves Daphne best in our hearts," said Lady Marcia. "I am sure I do; she is like sunshine to me. And I am sure, Thane, that you must love her best, because she has Alaric's face. I cannot speak positively for you, Mr. Rigby. But, though we love her most, we all three see that Irene will best fill the position."

"True," said the Earl.

"True," echoed the lawyer.

And then Lord Cradoc turned to his adviser.

"You need lose no time now, Rigby," he said.

"You can begin the preparation of the needful documents to-day, if you will. Draw up my will; and the moment it is ready I will sign it."

"I will attend to that first," said Mr. Rigby.

It was decided that the Earl should speak to Irene as early as possible.

He promised to send for her when he felt better.

"We must make Daphne happy," whispered Lord Cradoc to his sister-in-law, as she went away.

"You may trust to me on that score," she replied.

"Irene will for the future belong to you, but Daphne will be my charge;" and Lady Marcia was well content with the decision that left her for her own the girl she loved so well.

The anxious suspense, the trying ordeal of weighing and judging character, were past now, the terrible tension, the conjectures and doubts; and Irene had won. She by virtue of her sterling qualities and evident capacity for governing, was to be mistress at Poole.

Lady Marcia could not help wondering whom Irene would marry—whether she would be content and happy; while Lord Cradoc tried to collect his ideas and think over what he had to say to her.

He hoped it would please Heaven now that he should live a little longer.

He would like to teach and train Irene himself for some years; above all, he would like to see her married to some good man who would understand and appreciate her position.

He had heard from Lady Ryeford, who carefully suppressed the fact of Arran Darleigh's existence, that the young Earl of Studley was attached to her daughter; but a marriage of that kind would never do. It was not likely that the Earl of Studley would consent to forego his name and adopt that of Cradoc.

He was more at rest than he had been for a long time.

He had been tossing continually on a sea of doubt; now that was at an end. There would still be difficulties to face; but they were as trifles compared with the great one just vanished.

Presently he fell asleep.

His head, so much whiter than it had been seven months before, lay back on the velvet cushion of his chair.

He dreamt that he stood on the seashore with his boys—Alaric with the laughing eyes, and Bertie with the sweet thoughtful face—and that he kissed them with passionate kisses—held them to his breast with passionate cries.

"I thought you were drowned!" he cried to them. "I have been in such bitter trouble and distress—I thought you were drowned!"

And they answered him with cheerful loving words.

* * * * * * *

"Irene," said Lady Ryeford, "the Earl has sent for you.

"Oh, my dear child do be careful! I know that Mr. Rigby was with him this morning, and that some very special business was transacted.

"Do be careful."

Something—perhaps the keen, almost painful anxiety on her mother's face—touched Irene.

She grew impatient at times, and rebelled inwardly against her mother's worldliness, her want of truth, her love of scheming; but she loved her, and would always do her best to please her, if she could with a clear conscience.

"Dear mamma," she said patiently, "I will be careful, although I do not quite see what I am to be careful about."

"You do not understand, Irene. I assure you, my dear, that I am trembling with anxiety.

"Look at my hands; I cannot even hold my fan.

"You seem to forget all there is at stake. You may be Countess of Cradoc, Baroness Hyde, and yet you are as cool and unconcerned as though it were merely some paltry pittance that was at stake."

"That is the proper way in which to meet great events, mamma. All the anxiety, fuss, nervousness, and fancy in the world will never alter matters."

"My dear Irene," cried Lady Ryeford, "you were born to greatness: you have such grandeur of character. Now go dear child.

"Do not keep the Earl waiting. He is in the library, and Lady Marcia says that he wants to see you at once. Go, Irene and be careful.

"I could never go back to Park Lane and privation after this—never!"

With the echo of these words in her ears, Irene sought the Earl.

She found him sitting in the library, with a strange and bewildered expression of face.

"What is the matter, Lord Cradoc?" she asked kindly. "You do not look like yourself."

"My dear Irene, I have had a dream that has agitated me terribly.

"Indeed at first I could not believe that it was a dream.

"It seemed to me that I could hear the breaking of the waves on the shore and the ring of my boys' laughter. I scarcely know now whether I am awake or asleep, Irene."

"I am sorry to see you like this, Lord Cradoc," she returned. "Let me sing to you, or read to you."

"My dearest Irene," he said, rousing himself, "I sent for you because I have much to say to you. Sit down by my side."

But Irene took a footstool, and sat down at the Earl's feet.

Hers was not a loving, caressing nature like Daphne's, but the pitiful, yearning look in the old man's eyes touched her heart.

She took the cold trembling hands in her own soft and warm ones; she bent her beautiful head and kissed them.

"I wish," she said, "that I knew how to comfort you."

"You will, Irene, you will.

"I am selfish to think only of myself. I have sent for you to tell you important news.

"For the future you must be to me as a dear daughter, for it is decided that you shall be my heiress.

"You are to be mistress of Poole and Countess of Cradoc."

She grew pale even to the lips, and for some few minutes was unable to utter a word.

"You will be pleased to know," he continued, "that we all—that is, Lady Marcia, Mr. Rigby, and myself—agreed in our choice.

"It is not, you understand, that we love you better than Daphne, but that we consider you better fitted to fill the position. You have a firmer grasp, greater capability."

"I do not know what to say," she then replied.

"I am grateful—indeed I am grateful. I appreciate the magnificent compliment of such a choice; but I do not know whether I should be glad or sorry.

"It is a great responsibility, and I am but young."

"You are old in wisdom and experience" he said gently.

"You are my adopted daughter and heiress from this moment.

"You must live with me; your interest and mine must be one for the future. You must be to me as a beloved child, in the place of the one I have lost."

Daphne's arms would long before this have been around his neck and her loving face pressed to his.

Irene stood trembling, her face grave and her eyes steady, as though oppressed by serious thought.

"I will do my best," said Irene, "to be a loving child to you."

The Earl took his hands from her clasp, and laid them upon her head.

She did not hear the murmured words; but she knew that the Earl was blessing her and offering up a fervent prayer for her; and she was silent, though her heart was full of emotion.

Then he continued—

"While I live, your task will be easy, Irene; but I do not think I shall live very long.

"What are those lines of yours, Irene?—

"'Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?'

If there be such, Irene, I have heard the voices of my boys calling for me. It is after I am gone that you will feel the burden and the weight.

"Mr. Rigby will be a good friend to you while he lives, but in all probability you will outlive him many years.

"Now, Irene, I want you to make a few sacrifices for me.

"Will you, first of all, give up London and live here entirely?"

"That will be no sacrifice," she said. "I should like it best.

"Then I want you to study many things, so that you may thoroughly understand the management of an estate, and know when your agents are at fault."

"I will study anything you wish," she replied gently. "I only wish to please you."

"I have not been well lately," said the Earl, "and I fancy the doctor does not think very favorably of my state of health; therefore, now that the important decision has been made, the sooner everything is concluded the better.

"Mr. Rigby will draw up my will at once.

"Do you remember telling me, Irene, when we were in the park, what you should do if you had a great estate?"

"Yes, I remember it perfectly," she replied; "but, believe me, I never dreamed of this."

"I am quite sure you did not. If I had thought you had any notion of what was going to happen, your words would have had little weight with me.

"Being unpremeditated, they first opened my eyes to your worth.

"What you said too about the cottages carried conviction with it. You will wish Lady Ryeford to live here with you of course?" added the Earl.

"Yes.

"And the pleasure the change will afford my mother will be to me a source of greater happiness than all else," said Irene. "Oh, Lord Cradoc, I can scarcely realize it all! I have never dreamed of possessing riches or title."

"So much the better, Irene. You will be none the worse for not having wasted time in day dreams."

The girl's face, lately so pale, flushed, and her eyes flashed with a light of happiness.

"I will endeavor to do my duty," she said.

"I will try never to think of myself, but for others—to do a little of the good your sons would have done.

"But, dear Lord Cradoc, let me go now; I will come again at any time you want me.

"I feel I cannot talk to you any longer at present."

Lord Cradoc kissed the beautiful face quivering with emotion, and Irene quitted the room.

Her first thought was of others.

"Poor mamma, how pleased she will be!" she thought.

"I must tell her first."

She went straight to her mother's room, where Lady Ryeford was in a state of intense anxiety.

She was pale and almost breathless when Irene reached her.

She gazed with pathetic appealing eyes into her daughter's face.

"I have hardly the strength to ask you Irene; but is there—is there any good news for us?"

"Yes, mamma; the very best you will think it."

And Lady Ryeford sank back in her chair.

"Thank Heaven!

"What is it, Irene?

"Tell me quickly, dear child. I have said little about it, but the very thought of going back to Park Lane has been intolerable to me.

"Tell me your news quickly."

Irene's face flushed deeply.

"The Earl has told me that he adopts me to-day as his daughter and heiress. I," she continued slowly, "am to be mistress of Poole and Countess of Cradoc."

"My darling child!" cried Lady Ryeford; and for once in her life she succumbed to a violent fit of genuine hysterics.

Irene, in great distress, knelt by her side.

"Mamma dear, pray do not give way. What will they think? I shall die of shame if any one ever knows that you thought so much of this.

"What can I say if Lady Marcia comes? Do control yourself."

"I cannot help it," said Lady Ryeford. "You do not know what I have suffered, nor how great the relief is. My darling child, I always knew that you were born to great fortune."

"Do not say anything about it, mamma, until the Earl speaks of it, for he was in great trouble when I went to him. He had been dreaming about his boys, and seemed hardly awake, hardly himself, when I went in.

"Yet he was so kind to me. But you know mamma, I am quite sure that they all love Daphne.

"They cannot help it; she is so bright and sweet."

"Ah, but she is not so clever as you," rejoined the mother exultingly, "and they have found it out!"

"I hope it is all for the best," said Irene, walking restlessly up and down the room, her face flushed her hands burning.

"Mamma," she added, "I am more unnerved than I could have thought it possible to be; I cannot remain still."

"I do not wonder at it, Irene. It is glorious news. I think my heart will never beat quietly again."

"I hope," said Irene gently, "that Daphne will not be disappointed."

"Daphne," returned Lady Ryeford, in a scornful tone—"Daphne could never have been mistress of Poole; she is but a child! You must not forget how much you owe to my training and to me."

"I shall never forget it, mamma, and I shall hope some day to repay you," replied Irene.

And, for the first time in her life, ambitious Lady Ryeford was happy.

CHAPTER XIII.

LORD CRADOC had invited Sir Trevor to dinner, and, Mr. Rigby having promised to come, his lordship thought he would take the opportunity of making his intentions concerning Irene public. When the ladies of the household, with the guests, were in the drawing-room before dinner, he approached Irene, and took her by the hand.

She looked very beautiful, very stately, in her favorite colors, pale amber and black while to-night some of the famous Cradoc diamonds shone on her neck and in the coils of her black hair.

A feeling of pride and exultation possessed the Earl as he led her forward. His voice was tremulous as he spoke.

"I wish," he said, "to present to you, my relatives and dear friends, my adopted daughter and heiress, Irene Ryeford. If it should please Heaven to spare her, she will be mistress of Poole and Countess of Cradoc."

Daphne, looking quite fairy-like in her dress, with its trimming of ivy-leaves, was the first to come forward to congratulate her.

She advanced with a sweet smile and a brilliant light in her beautiful eyes, with white outstretched arms, fair, frank, charming.

Of jealousy, disappointment, bitterness, there was not a trace on the fair young face.

"I congratulate you with all my heart, Irene," she said.

The two beautiful heads made a fair picture as the girls kissed each other. There was not even a shadow in Daphne's clear blue eyes

Then standing at a little distance from Irene, she scanned her with a laughing grace.

"You look like the *chatelaine* of Poole," she said. "Long life and happiness to you, Irene!"

Daphne's sweet unselfishness and true magnanimity impressed those present beyond expression; for, if she had shown some little disappointment or mortification, it would have seemed but natural. Daphne could not have issued more nobly from the trying ordeal.

Then Lady Marcia kissed the beautiful heiress, and Lady Ryeford added her congratulations.

Mr. Rigby made a polite little speech, and Sir Trevor kissed her hand, wishing the while that it were the hand of Daphne Erlecote.

"I am so thankful—do not think me selfish—that you are not to be heiress of Poole," he said to Daphne, as they sat at dinner.

"That sounds very ill-natured, Sir Trevor," she answered, laughing. "You ought to condole with me; I have missed the chance of a large fortune. Why should you be pleased?"

"Because," he declared, with sudden passion, "I should like to offer you everything you can wish for myself. Nothing in this world will ever be of any value to me unless you share it."

Daphne only laughed again.

"For one who has ignored the existence of the fair sex for so many years," she said, "that is a very courteous speech."

"I wonder," he said ruefully, "if you will ever do anything except laugh at me?"

"I am afraid returned Daphne, with alarming frankness, "that I never shall."

It was quite a festive evening. The Earl was brighter and more cheerful than he had been for some time; Lady Ryeford was in the gayest of spirits; Lady Marcia was quietly happy; Daphne who might have been depressed when she remembered what she had so narrowly missed, was as blithe, as bright as ever.

Later on in the evening Irene stole up to her and passed her arm round her neck.

"Daphne, how good, how delightfully unselfish you are?

"I am afraid that, if I were in your place, I could not be so."

"But you would indeed," said Daphne. "You know what our bargain was."

Irene laid her head against her friend's.

"You shall not suffer more than I can help," she said.

"If ever these broad lands are mine, your father shall have the wish of his heart, and the Erlecote Gallery shall be an accomplished fact; and you shall be my sister, Daphne. You shall share everything with me."

"There is to be no division of lands or money," observed Daphne, with a pretty imperious gesture.

"No; that will not be needed. I shall be able to help you without that," said Irene.

She had been outwardly very calm, in the face of her mother's wild emotion and of all the congratulations offered to her; but she felt a raging fever in her veins, a fierce throbbing in every pulse, and she longed to be alone to think over the whole matter.

What a glorious future stretched before her, holding everything for which, in her secret heart, she had longed—power control scope for what she felt to be her own great capabilities!

Visions of the happiness she could confer on others rose before her.

Her heart softened as she thought of the happiness she could bring her mother, who had borne so many humiliations and mortifications while endeavoring to keep her place in "society" long after she had ceased to have the necessary means for so doing. She could not rest for the thoughts that thronged through her brain.

The atmosphere of the house seemed stifling.

She must go out.

So, when the household were wrapped in slumber, when Daphne's golden head lay upon the pillow, and in her sleep she half sighed that she was not a Countess, Irene went out on to the terrace to see if the fresh air would quiet the intense excitement which mastered her.

All here was the grand pile of buildings, with the fortune it contained in pictures and works of art; here were the broad lands which stretched out far and wide before her, here the coronet, the grand old motto—"I hold what I held."

It was not wonderful that she who had been compelled to count every shilling should be in some measure overcome by the grandeur of the prospect before her.

She stood in her favorite place against the marble balustrade, and, as the night-wind fanned her brow, it seemed to blow away all wild fevered fancies, and cooled the fever that ran riot in her veins.

Then a great calm came to her; she was mistress of herself again; and her first steady thought was of her lover and what difference this change would make to him.

She knew that he was too manly, too independent to be drawn one jot nearer to her, that he was not a man who would ever be willing to live on the wealth of a wife; and in her own heart at that moment she felt that money and position won by him for her would have been dearer to her.

Then another thought came to her.

She must tell Lord Cradoc of her engagement—and perhaps that might effect his decision.

She knew that, as his adopted daughter, he must have something to say about her marriage; it was a question that affected him now.

She would however always be true to Arran.

She felt that he was dearer than all the world, than life itself, to her; she would not give him up to be a queen. Whatever else happened to her, to the one love of her life she would be true.

She resolved that she would speak to the Earl in the morning. Perhaps, after all, the grand domain and the title might not be hers.

All would depend on how he received the news of her engagement.

He was kind-hearted she knew; but he was also very proud.

He was ambitious too, if she read him rightly, and thought much of the claims of rank.

But Arran was a Radical; he disliked the aristocracy, he had a thorough contempt for class distinctions.

The fact that his uncle was a Baronet did not in the least affect his views.

And Irene, who had made light of and laughed at them, now saw in them a very serious possible obstacle to the Earl's wishes.

She wondered whether her proud lover would ever consent to give up his own name and take that of another man—whether he, who believed in the rights of the people and the principles of true liberty and equality, would consent, as it were, to be bought over.

She smiled as she remembered his face when her mother spoke, as she dearly loved to do of her titled friends.

"It will be a test of his love and mine," she said to herself.

The fever was gone now; her eyes were heavey with sleep; she could rest now, although the future was no longer certain, for come what might, she was determined to be true to Arran.

It was Arran who haunted her dreams that night, not the coronet.

On the following morning Irene went to the Earl when he had finished his breakfast.

"Could you spare me an hour, Lord Cradoc, this morning?" she said.

"I am at your service, my dear Irene, whenever you will," he replied.

And they went together to the library, which was always known as the Earl's morning-room, and where no one ever intruded without permission.

Lord Cradoc little dreamed of what his adopted daughter had to say to him.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was not so easy a task as Irene had imagined, this telling of her love-story. She scarcely knew how to begin.

She felt a shy nervous tremor, such as she had not experienced when speaking of it to her mother, come over her.

It was a very different matter telling her sweet love-story to Lord Cradoc.

He was not lacking in sympathy; but she feared—and by this time she had grown really to fear it—that the Earl also would disapprove of her engagement.

If he did, the coronet, title, estate, all must go.

They were as nothing in comparison with her love.

Her worldly training, the mercenary motives that had been sought to be instilled into her, the false atmosphere in which she had lived—none of these had harmed her noble nature.

They would have utterly ruined some girls.

She had recoiled from them unhurt.

"I thought," she said, looking up with a smile into Lord Cradoc's face, "that it would have been easier to tell you than it is.

"You were young once, and you loved some one very dearly; perhaps you did not find it easy to—to——"

"Courage, Irene!

"You have someting to tell me which is difficult to say.

"Trust me my dear; we are father and daughter now.

"Even if I do not approve, you need not fear me.

"Speak to me as you would to your own father if he were living."

"Ah," sighed the girl, "my own father! Life was very different to me when I lost him.

"I want to tell you, Lord Cradoc," she said, "that I am not altogether free. As you have adopted me into your heart and home, I am bound to tell you this."

"In what way are you not free, Irene?" he asked.

"You will think me very nervous and foolish," she said, her face flushing; "but I have never spoken of this to any one except my mother."

"Is it a love-story?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"And you have never told even Daphne?" he continued.

"No; it is too dear to my heart. I could not speak of it," she said gently, "even to one so sweet and kind as Daphne."

Then he knew that it was not a girl's fancy, but the constant, faithful, passionate love of a woman that was in question.

"I want to tell you all about it," said Irene.

"I met Arran Darleigh three years ago. I was a very young girl then, but old enough to appreciate him.

"I had lived—remember, I blame no one—from the time of my father's death in what might be called an atmosphere of shame, and Arran was so true, so manly, so honest, that my heart went out to him before I knew it.

"He looked at matters in a right light; he did not propound selfish and worldly, false and narrow notions as very noble theories.

"He seemed to me noble, frank, daring, and generous.

"I loved him almost without knowing it, and he loved me.

"We did not think that there would be any great obstacle to our love.

"He comes of a good family, the Darleighs of Froude, and is a barrister by profession."

She paused. The Earl looked kindly at her.

"Go on, my dear," he said gently.

"I cannot," she answered. "I wanted to tell you how I love him; but I do not know how.

"He seems to me the other half of my own soul, the better half of my heart. To me there are but two spots in this world—where he is and where he is not. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly," he replied.

"Go on, Irene."

"I was too happy," she said, "at first to think what mamma would say. The worst that I anticipated was that she would insist upon our waiting until Arran had made his way in the world. But the result was far worse than that.

"My mother would not hear of our engagement.

"In vain Arran told her how dearly he loved me, that he was sure to succeed, and that, if she would only permit us to wait for a short time, he would be in receipt of a good income and be able to offer me a home.

"In vain he told her that he did not intend to rest until he had reached the highest rung of the ladder and had the world at his feet.

"She would not hear of his proposal; she dismissed him, forbidding him to come to the house again, to write to me, or try to see me.

"But we were pledged to each other, and, loving as we did, we could not give each other up.

"So he told my mother frankly, adding that he should go on working and waiting for me until better times came.

"He told her that he would stoop to nothing dishonorable, no clandestine correspondence or meetings, but that at intervals he should always treat me as his affianced wife.

"Ah me, how very long the years have been!

"We have neither of us been guilty of one act of deceit.

"However much my heart has ached, I have never written to ask him to see me; but I think my sorrow has made me older than my years.

"At rare intervals, such as at Christmas and on St. Valentine's Day, he has written to me, and I have answered him.

"We have met by accident too; and a great source of happiness to me has been the fact that we have lived not very far apart.

"I could not be wholly desolate when he was so near to me.

"I hold myself pledged to him, Lord Cradoc," she concluded.

"I have promised to be his, and—it is well to speak plainly—I would rather be his wife, if he had not one cent in the world, than Queen of the Indies."

"My dear Irene," said the Earl gently, "when I first saw you, I knew, from the expression of your face so different from Daphne's, that your life had a history. And this is it, Irene?"

"Yes," she replied; "if my face conveys a story, it is one of faithful unchanging love.

"You know the Cradoc motto, 'I hold what I held.'

"Now, Lord Cradoc, will you tell me what you think of my love-story?"

"It is very natural, Irene, and very pretty; but I doubt whether you have acted wisely."

Her face fell and the light died from her dark eyes.

"I thought," she said slowly, "that you would be my friend."

"So I am my, dear child—indeed I am more.

"You like plain speaking; let me speak plainly.

"While I do not think that fathers should try to coerce their children's affections, I think that children should study their parents in the important step of choosing husband or wife.

"Your mother has certainly devoted herself to you, and no doubt she expected you, in your turn to marry well.

"I am quite sure, if my boys had lived, I should have liked them to marry in their own sphere."

"But who can say a word against Arran?" she asked quickly.

"Why, he is more highly educated and far more intelligent than his fellows, as a rule!"

"It is a troublesome question," said the Earl.

"I hardly expected this complication, Irene.

"I was unprepared for it."

"I thought I had better tell you all at once," she remarked. "It is only right that you should know."

"Certainly," he said.

"You are loyal and truthful, Irene, and I admire the straightforward way in which you have told me your story. Nothing, I suppose, would induce you to give him up?"

He never forgot the look that came into her dark eyes.

"Nothing," she replied. "I would far rather yield up my life."

He was disappointed; but he could not refrain from admiring the constancy of the girl.

Yet he wished with all his heart that matters had been different.

Irene watched the change in his face.

"If," she said slowly, "you think that what

I have told you should induce you to reconsider your decision, Lord Cradoc, do not hesitate to say so. My first duty is faith to my lover. Do not fear to say what you will to me."

"My dear Irene," said the Earl slowly, "I do not clearly see my way; you must let me think."

* * * * * *

Lord Cradoc covered his face with his hands.

If he had obeyed the prompting of his heart, he would have bidden the girl to be happy in her own way, he would have sanctioned and blessed a love so noble and unselfish.

But Poole must be thought of. The honor the glory, the prosperity of the grand old race of Cradoc must be considered before a girl's love-fancy.

When he had sat in silence for some minutes, she approached him and gently drew his hand from his face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Gladiator.

BY PERCY VERE.

THE theatre was crowded to overflowing.

The blood-thirsty Nero, attended by Burrhus and Seneca, had already arrived, and taken his usual seat high above the arena, to witness the combat.

A more disinterested expression of countenance cannot be conceived, than that which characterized the features of the emperor, as he sat looking down upon the arena, now prepared for the sacrifice of his victim.

The populace, long since accustomed to such fiendish exhibitions of his tyranny, had commenced their usual practice of hissing at the appearance of Nero, who now rose to his feet, and demanded in an authoritive tone of the attending lictors to bring forth the combatants.

Immediately, at the command, the wide and heavy doors which formed the entrance to the arena, flew ajar, as if by magic, and sword in hand, appeared the devoted Gladiators, who, forced by the lictors into the centre of the arena, in silence awaited the signal to commence.

The one was an athletic slave—the favorite of the inhuman monarch of Rome—trained from his infancy to the sword, to execute the private deeds of vengeance of his royal master.

With a careless air of self-confidence he stood regarding his unwilling but haughty antagonist with a smile of contempt, as he proudly signified to the emperor his readiness to commence the conflict, which was to add another to the already innumerable crimes of Nero.

The other was a Goth, who, for some pretended offence, had incurred the displeasure of Nero, and by his order had been condemned to fight the skilful Gladiator before himself and the populace.

He seemed to be a man some years past the meridian of life, and his furrowed cheeks and silvery locks gave evident proof of past care and sorrow.

Without exhibiting the least sign of fear or trepidation, he informed the lictor of his willingness to begin the combat, at the same time he cast one farewell, lingering look towards the assembly of people, as if expecting to behold some loved one for the last time, but instantly he turned away, disappointed at not meeting the familiar countenance of the one expected.

The populace were now evidently moved to sympathy at the appearance of the venerable combatant—his gray hairs, wrinkled brow, majestic air, and noble bearing, all conspired to excite and arouse the dormant feelings of humanity, in favor of the prisoner.

Loud murmurs of disapprobation were distinctly heard to issue from the gallery.

In a short time the noise increased, and the words of—

"Down with the tyrant!" "Let's slay the murderer!" were wafted to the ears of the affrighted Nero, who foaming at the mouth, now arose and exclaimed—

"By Jupiter! the slave that speaks shall fight himself.

"Now silence, fools, and let the fight commence."

At these words, Majesticus, the prisoner, started from his reverie.

His whole frame, which before had appeared so calm, was now distorted with rage.

Fire flashed from his hitherto dull black eye.

Turning to the citizens, he exclaimed—

"Romans and friends! listen while I tell you the cause of this.

"Have ye daughters?

"I had one and I loved her, but the tyrant ——"

"Attack him, Sextus!" exclaimed the enraged emperor, to the Gladiator, fearing some sudden disclosure.

Scarcely had the command been given, when the hireling slave, already tired of the long delay, rushed with an impetuous attack upon his unpracticed opponent.

The shock, though unexpected, was received in a manner worthy of a more experienced swordsman.

At the same time recovering, he inflicted upon the neck of the slave a wound which caused him to stagger, streaming with blood, across the arena.

Loud shouts of applause now rent the theatre.

The Goth, astonished at his success, followed up his advantage, and repeating his blow, brought the Roman to his knee.

All were now on the tip-toe of expectation.

Loud cries of—

"Slay the villain," now burst from the seats, and the sword of the prisoner was raised high above the head of his enemy, to perform the wish of the people!

Silence, deep and death-like, now prevaded the whole assembly.

The fallen Gladiator stared his conqueror in the face with sullen malignity.

The emperor, pale as a corpse, his eyes starting out of their sockets, looked down upon the pair unable to open his quivering lips.

He gasped as if the last hope was severed.

"By heaven!" at last he exclaimed to Seneca.

"By heaven! he shall not die—baffled—out done—slain by an ignoble Goth.

"By Mars! it is too bad."

And in order to arrest the attention of Majesticus, and save his favorite, in a loud voice he exclaimed—

"What, ho! Majesticus!"

At the mention of his name, the Goth suddenly turned towards the speaker, when the agile Sextus sprang to his feet, and with renewed vigor continued the combat with so much dexterity as to gain the advantage in a few passes.

The Goth not expecting such a movement, now acted entirely on the defensive.

The emperor smiled maliciously as he perceived the effect of his artifice.

The skill of the practiced Gladiator was brought to bear.

The inequality of the combatants was clearly perceivable.

The strokes of Majesticus waxed fainter and fainter at every blow of his antagonist, who, emboldened by his success, and confident of victory, directed his blows with more skill and certainty.

"Cursed treachery!" cried the Goth, as covered with wounds and streaming with blood, he nerved his arm to the utmost, and summoning his remaining strength, he aimed one desperate blow at the breast of his opponent, who, skilfully avoiding the pass, at the same time he plunged his weapon into the heart of his aged victim.

The tumult in the gallery rapidly increased.

The emperor prepared hastily to depart.

A shriek, loud and heart-rending, now burst upon the ears of the excited spectators!

A female appeared at the entrance of the arena, proclaimed at once the cause of the disturbance.

She was beautiful in the extreme.

Pale and marble-like, she stood like a statue regarding the Gladiators.

Her dress was of spotless white—simple, but arranged with a taste of extreme neatness.

Her jet-black hair hung in loose festoons nearly down to her feet.

At last, recovering from her petrifaction, she rushed between the combatants just as Sextus had withdrawn his fatal weapon, who, aiming to repeat his blow, to make death more certain, dyed his blade again in the blood of innocence!

"Father!" murmured the dying girl, as the red blood stained her spotless garments.

"Father! I am dying! bless me father, ere I die."

"Ha! my child!

"It is my Mina.

"Tyrant, villain!

"Ha! ha! ha!,' exclaimed the dying man, in a voice of distracted agony.

And staggering back, he fell on the arena a lifeless corpse, embracing even in death the inanimate form of his martyred daughter.

The assembly again broke forth in rebellious epithets against the emperor, and some were hastily approaching to put their threats in execution, when Nero, warned by Seneca of his danger, retreated amid the curses of the rabble, by a backway to his palace.

* * * * * * *

'Twas midnight.

The emperor had long since retired to his apartment.

He lay upon his couch, wrapped in irregular slumbers, and annoyed by unwelcome dreams.

"Ha! ha! ha! exclaimed he, in his sleep.

"See, she dies!

"Ha, is she his daughter?

"Then I am avenged.

"Now let a slave learn how to thwart a Cæsar!

"What! blood?

"Yes! blood!

"A Cæsar's blood!

"No—the blood of the hated Goth!"

The roar of the tumult, occasioned by the enraged people, were now wafted to the ears of the murderer—the monarch of Rome—who awakening, sprung from his couch, hastily put on his armor, and stood in the centre of the apartment, the very picture of terror and dismay.

"Ha, Vindicus!—slave!—ha!

"Dost thou sleep when a Cæsar calls?" cried the terrified Nero.

"I await your commands," answered a tall youth, entering the apartment of the emperor.

He was a young man just ripening into manhood, dressed in the garb of a common slave, but his prominent features and the dark clusters of curly ringlets, which hung in rich profusion round his shoulders, proclaimed him to have been born of nobler parentage.

Having made his obeisance to the emperor, he retired towards the window which overlooks the principal street in front of the palace.

Had the emperor observed more closely, he might have seen him clutch frantically a dagger, which was but partially concealed in his bosom.

"See'st thou any thing?" asked Nero, in a voice rendered scarcely audible by fear.

"See'st thou any thing?

"For the sake of Rome, what means this uproar?"

A smile of triumph lighted up the pale features of the youth, as he turned to the emperor, and said—

"Fly, sire! fly! there is no time to spare.

"'Tis Vindex, the Gaul.

"Fly, sire! fly!

"Followed by the people and the Pretorian guards, he approaches the palace.

"Fly! sire! fly!" exclaimed again the youth.

"Fly! slave?

"Fly from whom?

"A Cæsar fly?

"By the gods! if thou darest utter that word again, I'll cleave thee in two!"

The noise increased now to a ten-fold degree.

The emperor trembled.

The shouts of the mob could now be distinctly heard.

Nearer and nearer they approached the palace.

Nero retired to the window.

"Ho, the tyrant!

"Down with the tyrant!" exclaimed the Gaul without, as he endeavored to force an entrance into the palace.

Alarmed for his immediate safety, Nero approached the slave, and affectionately laying his hand on his shoulder, said, in a voice as mild as fear would permit—

"Vindicus! dost love thy master?"

"Dost doubt thy slave, sire?" answered the youth emphatically.

"By heaven, I do not!

"But see! the whole of Rome is against me.

"The Pretorian band and Burrhus, and all the ungrateful rabble.

"Assist me now, slave! and command a Cæsar hereafter.

"Nay, be quick," reiterated Nero, as the tumult without increased, "or 'twill be too late.

"Say, slave, can't thou not help? is there no assistance?

"Hast thou no safety?"

"I have!" muttered Vindicus.

"What?"

"This!" whispered the slave through his clenched teeth, drawing from his bosom the hidden dagger.

"What meanest thou, slave?" asked Nero, in an alarmed voice.

"To save my master!" was the cold response.

"Say, sire! dost recollect the Goth—the Gladiator?"

"Well, what of him, boy?"

"He was——"

"What?"

"My father!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the emperor, "and the girl was——"

"My sister!" answered the youth wildly.

"Ha!" cried Nero, "dost thou threaten me, slave?

"Off, villain! or I'll strike thee dead at my feet!

"Threaten a Cæsar?

"By heaven! 'tis perfidy complete—oh! oh! save me, I know not what I say! No! no! no! thou wilt not!

"All hell is leagued against me—boy! villain! slave! stand out of my way!

"Ho! there! guard, ho! ho! treachery!"

"Then vengeance! to your duty!" cried the youth, as he seized the emperor by the throat, and hurled him prostrate on the floor.

"Thus! thus! I avenge thee! father! sister!"

And he buried his dagger deep into the heart of the tyrant!

THE KING'S CANNON.—The King of Dahomey received an invoice of Krupp cannon not long ago and conceived the idea of having them mounted on elephants' backs for use in the field. With much difficulty this project was carried out, and at the next military review the King ordered that one of the guns be fired immediately in front of the royal position, first taking the precaution to place a couple of thousand prisoners about where it was calculated the ball would strike, so as to judge of the effectiveness of the shot. When all was ready one of the biggest elephants was backed around and sighted. Just as the lanyard was jerked, however, the animal turned half round to reach for a peanut or something, and the shell took off the Prime Minister's head and knocked a hole as big as a sewer through the palace. His Majesty wouldn't have cared so much if the matter had ended there—as the Minister wasn't very prime and the palace needed ventilation—but it didn't. On the contrary, the elephant, which had been stood on his head by the recoil, picked itself up in a fury and started in on the down grade ahead of its ticket. It upset the grand stand the first rush, slung the grand chamberlain and past grand carver of missionaries into the next street. It then jumped into the brass band with all four feet, and if it hadn't got the big drum over its head so that it couldn't see, would probably have cleaned out the entire congregation. The King was not found until the next morning, and then, as he slid down out of a banana tree, he was understood to remark that there was only one thing needed to render his new artillery system an entire success—that was to get the enemy to adopt it.

Bric-a-Brac.

TO THE EAST.—The custom of burying the dead with their feet to the east, which is scrupulously observed in some localities, was originally adopted because, as the Lord is to come in the east, it was wished that the dead might arise with their face to him in the general resurrection.

DIDN'T WORK.—A Jew who was recently summoned to sit on a coroner's jury in London excused himself on the ground that, being a descendant of the high priest he was exempt from seeing a dead body. The coroner ruled that the Levitical law was not binding in that court, and fined the Jew ten dollars.

PRACTICAL JOKES.—Two prominent Chicago business men, to perplex a janitor disarranged the furniture of their room and hid in a closet; the janitor entered, heard a noise, fired through the closet door, and killed one joker. A negro shipped as a deck hand for France, and was told that negro meat was a favorite dish in that country; when the vessel neared Marseilles he jumped overboard and was drowned.

IN THE GRIP OF AN ANT.—A young man in Danbury, Conn., recently ate a piece of cake in a dark room, and a large black ant, which was on the cake, fastened to his palate. His friends succeeded in severing the body with a pair of shears, but still the ant clung with a death-like grip to the young man's palate, nor could it be removed without the aid of a doctor. The doctor could relieve its hold only by crushing the head of the ant with a pair of forceps.

FIRE-CRACKERS.—Crackers play a large part in the superstitious observances of the ordinary Chinese. It is a popular belief that the evil spirits everywhere inhabiting the air are dispersed by cracking noises attended by fire and smoke. Accordingly crackers are used on all special occasions to frighten away the demons who are tormenting a sick person, or who crowd around the people at the beginning of the new year. Bamboo, which emits when burning a cracking sound, is also used for the same purpose.

ORLIGING THE BURGLARS.—A card with the following instructions hangs conspicuously upon the safe in one of the stores on Water Street, Naugatuck, Conn.: "To burglars: We keep no money in this safe. This is for fire only; our money is up to the house. Come up. We have four shotguns, two rifles, three horse pistols and one revolver, all loaded and ready for use, and warranted to kill at ten rods. Time spent here is time wasted." Then follows the figure of the combination, so that if the burglar is determined to get in any way he can do so in a decent way, without spoiling the door.

A QUEER TREE.—The queerest of trees must be the baobab, or monkey bread. It grows to the height of forty feet, "but its girth is entirely out of proportion to its height, some trees being thirty feet in diameter. An old baobab in Africa is, then, more like a forest than a single tree. Their age is incalculable. Humboldt considers them as "the oldest." Some trees are believed to be 5000 years old. You can cut a good-sized room in the trunk of a baobab, with comfortable accommodations for thirty men, and the tree lives on and flourishes. It produces a fruit about a foot long, which is edible. As an example of slow growth in England a baobab at Kew, though more than eighty years old, has only attained a height of four and half feet. A kindred species to the African baobab grows in Australia. They have been measured, being thirty feet high, with a girth of eighty-five feet.

BELLS AND BONAPARTE.—The sound of bells produced upon Bonaparte a singular effect, which I could never account for; he listened to them with delight. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the avenue leading to the plain of Rueil, how often has the tolling of the village bell interrupted our most serious conversations! He stopped short, lest the moving of our feet should cause the loss of any of those sounds which charmed him. He used even to be vexed because my feelings on these occasions did not accord with his own. So powerful was the effect produced upon him by the sound of these bells, that his voice would falter as he said: "Ah! this recalls to my mind the first years I passed at Brienne I was then happy." When the bells had ceased he would resume his gigantic speculations, and launch into futurity, place a crown upon his head, and hurl kings from their thrones.

WHAT THEY GET.—The pay of the principal grades of officers in the army are, per year, for the first five years, as follows:—General, $13,500; lieutenant-general, $11,000, major-general, $7,500; brigadier general, $5,500; colonel, $3,500; lieutenant-colonel, $3,000; major, $2,500; captain, mounted, $2,000; captain, not mounted, $1,800; regimental adjutant, $1,800; regimental quartermaster, $1,800; first lieutenant, mounted, $1,600; first lieutenant, not mounted, $1,500; second lieutenant, mounted, $1,500; second lieutenant, not mounted, $1,400; chaplain, $1,500. The pay of all officers under the grade of brigadier-general is increased 10 per cent. after five years' service; 20 per cent. after ten years'; 30 per cent. after fifteen years'; 40 per cent. after twenty years', the estimates being made on the original pay. The maximum pay of colonels is limited to $4,500, and of lieutenant-colonels to $4,500, and of lieutenant-colonels to $4,000. The pay of cadets at West Point Military Academy is $540 per annum. The pay of a private soldier runs from $168 ($13 a month and rations) each year for first two years, to $21 a month and rations after twenty years' service.

REPENTANCE.

BY ALICE I. MCAULEY.

O take back, beloved, and let
Me prove to thee that I repent
The angry words I spoke, Forget!
Forgive the passion that is spent.
Let not those idle wishes spoil,
The raiment of a pure desire.
Let not one foolish moment spoil,
The joy to which our lives aspire.

You see you caged bird, whose eyes,
Opened to light, within the prison wire,
If given freedom it could not rise
Untrained to flight it soon must tire
And seek with eagerness its cozy home,
Content to take whate'er I give
Content to sing for me alone,
Grateful it it may only live.

So take me back beloved, I ask,
No greater boon from life, than this
That I may in thy presence bask
And reap the fulness of love's bliss.
Content to yield at thy command
My all; if I may ever be
Thy slave, my heart is in thy hand
Freedom is death; I live in thee.

UPTON COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

"ITHING I must stop now," she said at length, ending a pathetic air very softly; "I can see no longer."

The sweet tones met with no reply, and so Margaret, taking silence for consent, closed the piano swiftly yet very quietly, for she feared that any vehement noise might rouse Miss Durrant into frenzy. That safely done, she paused again.

It did not seem quite fitting to go away and leave her cousin in the dark.

"I think supper will be ready soon," she ventured to say; but still there was no answer.

Margaret might have supposed herself alone in the desolate room had it not been been for the glimmer of the gray dress.

"Mrs. Cator will be waiting for us," she went on, after another pause, yet more timidly.

There was still deep silence.

She grew more and more afraid.

And then, at an extremity, her woman's wit suggested a means of extricating herself from the situation.

"I am afraid you will not be able to see your way out.

"I will go for a candle," she said, and moved towards the door.

Then at length there came through the darkness a deep, heavy sigh, ending in a groan—the groan as of an animal wounded unto death.

The sound of pain awoke a quick reponse in the girl's tender breast.

But how dare she show it?

This fierce creature was as likely cruelly to hurt the hand stretched out to help it in its agony as the hand stretched out to harm.

She hesitated and wavered, and then said—

"If you will only wait one minute, I will be back directly with the light.

"Indeed, I do not like leaving you in the dark."

The words were nothing, the tone everything, in its low-breathed compassionate gentleness.

Instantly, though slowly, Miss Durrant rose and followed her from the sitting-room.

"Why did you not tell me you could play?" she asked, more gently than usual.

"It did not occur to me," was all Margaret's response.

They spent the remainder of the evening in their usual fashion.

But the abstracted look of painful memory never left Miss Durrant's face that night.

After that evening Margaret had to play to her very often.

Now it became even a part of her daily duty.

All the summer time she played to her in that old room, the evening light streaming softly in at the open door showing her at one glance, whenever she lifted her eyes, the beautiful face in the picture, and the pale, gloomy woman below it, intent upon the music.

It was odd that she should care so much for it, but care she certainly did.

Sometimes when Margaret ceased playing she would use words which were almost those of thanks—a great condescension for her.

On her part the girl was right glad of the relief of the favorite art.

And so all through the summer time she played—the summer time with its long, calm days, its short, warm nights, when the ghost-like noises were hushed even at Upton Court, and Margaret revived like some fair flower in the heat and bright light.

In spite of its dulness, its desolation, its haunting mystery, her heart, so ready to love everything, began to love the old place.

A home-like feeling gradually gathered round it, especially perhaps round a part of the garden where she had set herself to care for the long-neglected flowers, taking delight in bringing them into some sort of order, and helping them in their struggle for existence with the weeds, while Cator looked on with grumpy interest, wondering over her happiness in anything so common.

But as the sweet summer drew to its close there fell, in the August days, a sickness, a sort of low fever, on the little hamlet.

Their need deepened the bond of sympathy that had sprung up between Margaret and the lowly dwellers there.

All that it was possible for her to do for them she did.

Carrying to them such food and medicine and little comforts as she could procure herself or beg from Mrs. Cator.

Giving them also, what was better still, her active, skilful hand, and the words of consoling wisdom which she had learnt to prize in the hours of her own sorrow.

Mrs. Cator spared her from her daily tasks as much as possible, and all her leisure time was spent in those stricken houses.

As for Miss Durrant, she heard indeed of the sickness, but she cared nothing for it.

She was as a dead and withered member of the great human family.

Neither its pain nor its pleasure affected her.

At last the turning-point of the fever was past, and all whom it attacked, instead of dying—as so many had done earlier—seemed in a fair way to recovery.

There was one exception—a poor girl, Margaret's first acquaintance in the place, in whom, not on that account alone, she felt a special interest.

The struggle between life and death had been long and uncertain.

It was now plain to all, even to poor Jane Lewis herself, that death had won; and as she grew weaker, she clung the more to Margaret's presence, which seemed to bring her comfort and resignation.

And so Margaret gradually devoted to this one invalid the time which before had been divided among many sick, seeing her every day, and doing for her all in her power.

One night there came a message to her as she sat over her work in Miss Durrant's dull sitting-room—Jane Lewis was worse, was dying, and would she come to see her once more?

It was the girl's father who had brought the message.

And, looking on the dumb anguish of his face, more eloquent than words, Margaret felt the entreaty to be a command.

Cator was indisposed, his wife could not leave her mistress, and so Margaret trusted herself to Lewis's escort, Cator saying he would sit up for her in the little sitting-room which was the special property of himself and his wife, and which was situated in the wing of the house, but near its junction with the main building, close to the door by which they used to go in and out of the gardens.

With a grave and awe-struck mind Margaret passed unheeding through the splendor of the autumn night to the grief and suffering of the sick room.

More than two hours she spent in the solemn presence of that death-bed, for the poor girl could not let her go.

She herself forgot the passage of time in her earnest desire to do what she could to soften that supreme hour.

At length the dying patient was seized with a fatal lethary, and her gentle nurse, now no longer needed, took leave of the poor mother with a last loving word of comfort.

No one had come for her from the house, and so she was obliged to take Lewis away even from that place at that hour, though sorely against her will.

But as she walked beside him through the park, and heard his deep, suppressed sobs, she determined she would let him go on farther than the gate leading into the grounds.

Conventionalities would have been sufficiently complied with then.

Even had she felt fear, she would have been ashamed to let it stand against the comfort of the poor wife for a moment.

But at that hour she felt none—or rather, such visionary fears as those excited by Anne's tales could not stand in the presence of the greater fear with which man beholds his fellow-man passing through the awful portals through which he is himself so soon to pass, and realizes that there is no discharge in this war, that death is no less inexorable than dreadful.

And whatever part of her mind was not filled with the contemplation of this solemn thought was busy with the sad memories of her double loss, which the death-bed scene had re-awkened.

"Thank you Lewis.

"Don't mind about coming further.

"I shall do very well, and I know your wife wants you."

She took his rough, coarse hand in both hers in her ardent pity, as she added—

"May Heaven help and comfort you in your great affliction."

"Thank you kindly, miss," was all the man said.

The words came from his inmost soul.

If Miss Lindsay had needed his life he felt at that moment as if he would have given it for her.

She stood for a minute and watched his retreating figure, then went through the wicket into the shrubbery, and so out upon the third terrace, where the moonlight lay softly and reassuringly, brightening all that was desolate and neglected in the deserted garden.

The sweet, heavy odors of the night-blowing flowers pervaded the air.

A deep, soothing stillness rested on all around.

Margaret's whole soul felt the power of that calmness.

It seemed like the mighty hand of Heaven stretched out in serene controlling wisdom over the pain and turmoil of life and death.

She felt that it was good for her to be there.

She would linger yet a few minutes before entering the house, she thought.

And as she turned from the path leading thither, there came over her a sudden desire to go down and watch the river—type of that deeper stream whose course she had been watching even now—and listen to its whisperings as it flowed past the garden wall.

So wrapped in this solemn awe as to be unconscious of the touch of meaner fear she passed slowly across the broad, open spaces of the terraces and the deep, intervening belts of shadow thrown by the black yews, till she came to the last flight of steps cracked and moss-grown, that led down to the final terrace.

Descending these, she left the neglected pathway, and strayed across the grass beneath the far-reaching branches of the grand old cedars.

All here looked so soft and peaceful in the silver light, all was so still and silent, that it seemed as if a brooding mystery hung over it.

It resembled more than ever the enchanted garden of the Sleeping Beauty.

Margaret's breath came more quickly as, growing more mindful of what surrounded her, she listened through the deep silence to the hoarse murmur of the stream, sounding twofold louder than by day.

All at once a little bird, startled from its slumbers by her footfall, darted from a neighboring tree, and flew away with harsh outcry into the night.

It might have been a signal-cry, for as it died away and Margaret, recovering from her surprise, prepared to move forward out of the shadow of the cedar, a sort of echo came from the pagoda where Cator had found her that February day.

Something white stirred among its colmns.

And, as she gazed with eyes chained to the spot with sudden fear, a tall, white figure glided out of it on to the terrace.

It stood there motionless by the river wall stretching its arms out wildly towards the dark stream sweeping hoarsely past below, and uttering a low, wailing sound, so melancholy, so weird, that Margaret's blood ran cold with horror as she heard it.

Again and again came the wailing cry, with growing despair in each reiteration.

More and more ghastly the form seemed to become in the white moonlight.

A chilling fear gathered round Margaret's heart as a dreadful knowledge appeared to force itself upon her mind that some terrible curse had been wrought out in this lonely place, that this was the ever-tormented restless spirit of its perpetrator or its victim.

Swiftly and vividly flashed the legend of the Durrant murderess across her mind.

The drops gathered on her brow, her breath came thick and fast, her limbs grew cold and powerless.

Was it—could it be true?

What should she be compelled to witness here, in the ghastly moonlight which it was now hard to think could ever have been soothing, with that long stretch of lonely gardens between her and any human aid, alone with that terrible white thing, mad without doubt, if human, and if not human—what?

She strove frantically not to let her mind give an answer to its own questioning.

She felt the horror it would bring already possessing her, and, growing faint with fear, summoned all her strength to resist the feeling which threatened to rob her of consciousness.

She would hardly have succeeded in doing so had she not read somewhere and now remembered the story of a man who, awaking in the middle of the night, felt cold hands passing across his face.

Nothing but the dread of encountering some such greater horror helped her now to retain her senses, supported her even when the strange figure turned towards the grass—nerved her, as it retreated once more, with its mournful cry, to the side of the wall, to glide back softly towards the steps in the shadow of the cedar, thankful for the dark, mourning dress that made her but a part of it.

She stopped a moment at the foot of the steps, for there the shadows ceased, waiting till the form should turn quite away from her.

Then, unperceived as she hoped, ran swiftly up them.

But her anguish may be pictured when, looking round as she reached the leafy archway on the top, she saw it standing below on the terrace, gazing as if in her direction, while the next instant it began to move towards her with a yet wilder and more unearthly cry.

Margaret's heart gave one great leap, as if it would have broken.

Then fear gave wings to her feet.

She darted through the yew hedge, and began flying up the gardens with a speed, redoubled if possible when, on gaining the top of the next terrace, she ventured to look behind her, and saw the white creature still following her—still coming swiftly as if in pursuit.

Oh, to reach the house—to reach the house!

How she panted to gain that goal!

What frenzied terror possessed her lest Cator had gone to bed, and, with locked doors between herself and any human being, she should be compelled to face the terrible apparition, which, though she could no longer, see it, she doubted not was near at hand!

At length she reached the house.

With desperate, stumbling feet, she gained the door, and grasped the handle with such convulsive energy that she at first defeated her own purpose, and believed, for one heart-sickening moment, that the doom she dreaded was upon her.

One more despairing effort, and the door yielded to the feebler touch of the now almost powerless hands.

With a strength born only of terror Margaret pushed it back, and, entering, shut and secured it.

Then, as she saw it closed between herself and the desolate grounds, with their ghostly occupant, as she perceived the warm red candle-light streaming from beneath the door of the room in which Cator sat smoking, the sense of relief and the sense of faintness stole over her together. She never knew how long she half-leant, half-lay, against a seat in the passage, with laboring breath and beating heart, only dimly conscious of her escape.

Some movement of Cator's in the next room was the first thing that recalled her to herself.

Evidently he had heard the door open, and, surprised to hear nothing more, had come in search of her, as she had failed to come in search of him to announce her return.

The idea roused her from her trance of fear, and with returning sense came a craving for the presence of a human creature—warm, living, embodied like herself.

In a moment she had opened the door of his room before he could reach it himself, and stood before him in the doorway, with swift, hurried breathing, her face pale, her large eyes yet full of the horror through which she had passed.

The light fell full upon her as she came in.

And, startled by her sudden appearance and her terror-stricken look, he stopped and shrank back.

"Don't be afraid—afraid of me," she said in husky, trembling tones.

Then her voice failed her.

She shrank close up to him, as if for protection.

"What is it, miss," asked the old servant feeling vaguely uneasy, but nevertheless trying to speak reassuringly.

"Is poor Jane very bad?

Or is it because you've got too tired? It's very late."

He grew more and more alarmed, seeing her strive for speech and yet find no utterance.

"We ought to have known better than to let you go there at this time of night," he continued, in a tone of self-reproach.

"It was no fit place for such as you."

"No, no, not that," she interrupted, a generous instinct prompting the trembling tones.

"I have been frightened—so frightened—coming home.

"There was something—something all white—in the grounds."

"Something white?

"Why, it must have been one of them nasty heathen goddesses, looking white in the moon, and the laurels moving round it."

He said it with the air of a man who was solving a difficulty, and triumphantly settling a disputed question at rest.

"No," she said fearfully, "there were no laurels.

"I was down on the river-terrace, in the open place beside the wall—a white thing like a woman.

"It came out of one of the summer houses, crying and stretching out its hands."

Her voice grew faint, as if she feared the sound of her own words, speaking of it, might recall the vision.

And Cator did not hear unmoved.

A nervous tremor ran through his frame; his ruddy cheek blanched.

"Yet this man was no coward.

"It came up the garden after me.

"It was dreadful," she went on in her whisper.

"It will not come here, will it? Oh, listen—what was that?"

She was clinging to him in an agony, her trembling hands upon his arm, her eyes dilated with terror, for from the mystery of the night without there had reached their ears the echo of a cry.

A slight tremor shook the old man again, but he did not speak or move.

So they stood listening intently till, mingling with the whisper of the night-wind, came again something which might have been a distant wail.

Then a low moan came from Margaret's parted lips, and at the sound Cator roused himself.

"Miss Margaret, don't you take on so.

"It's nothing but an owl.

"Have you never heard an owl hoot before?"

He tried to speak in his usual decided manner, but something in his face and voice belied his assumed composure.

But this time there was no sound.

After the lapse of a few minutes Cator crossed the room and threw open the window.

And still the deep hush was unbroken save by the sighing of the soft night-wind in the light branches of a laburnum.

"There, I told you there was nothing!" said the old man, as he shut and barred the window.

"You'd best go to bed and take a good sleep.

"You are over-wearied, and when young people are over-wearied they fancy all sorts of things."

For all his brave words he did not quite look as if he believed in such a power of fancy.

And Margaret shuddered at the idea of the long lonely night, whose terror she thought would keep sleep far from her.

But the event did not prove so.

Worn-out and exhausted, a deep slumber soon fell upon her.

Nothing further troubled her that night—nothing, save the dreams through which the white creature wandered with outstretched hands and weary wail, as it had wandered in the moonlit garden.

CHAPTER VI.

A HEAVY fear awoke with Margaret the next morning, and hung about her all day long for many a week after this.

It was the old fear, which had troubled her ever since her first coming to Upton, suddenly developed by the nocturnal adventure through which she had passed.

It was not wonderful that her mind should dwell upon it, though its fascination for her was one of terror.

Her impression of it was far too vivid to allow her to persuade herself, as Cator would have wished, that she had been laboring under a delusion.

Her eyes had seen, her ears had heard, something—she knew not rightly what—but something that was certainly not the creation of her own brain.

What was it?

Could it have been a spirit?—she asked herself shudderingly.

If so, surely it was not that of the poor girl, Jane, who during that night had breathed her last sigh so quietly that those standing round knew not when she passed away.

Was it really that of the ancient lady, the memory of whose crime the peasants still handed down from generation to generation?

Or was it only another thread in the mystery which appeared to hang round Miss Durrant like a shroud?

Cator could or would tell her nothing to resolve her doubts, and still tried his best to make her believe the whole was the effect of imagination.

His wife, taking her cue from him, professed a scepticism on the subject which it was the easier for her to sustain as she had not shared his fright.

They could not persuade Margaret into any such belief.

For many weeks she could not bear to see even in broad daylight the spot where the White Lady had walked and waited. The place where she suffered such nightly tortures of fear grew loathsome to her.

Had it been possible to leave it, no power would have kept her at Upton.

Even as it was the impossibility of departure might have yielded to her intense desire had not another element been about this time introduced into her life—an element which in due course was to change and transform it utterly.

Into this house, where everything went by routine, chiefly because the people were old, and the old ways dear to them—where one day seemed always the image of the next—there came one morning the announcement of an interruption which, to Margaret at least, was perfectly novel. A letter had been handed to Miss Durrant after breakfast.

"Mr. Durrant says he is coming on Friday," she said, in her listless way, to Cator after its perusal.

Margaret, ready for the morning's reading in a corner of the window-seat, looked up with some relief.

Mr. Durrant's cold letter to her had not inclined her to regard him with favor.

Nevertheless the news of his coming was welcome to her.

There would be something to think about besides the next evening, the contemplation of which, when in a more sensitive mood than usual, would make her shudder at noon-day.

Cator heard with complete indifference that which was evidently no news to him. Mr. Durrant doubtless took care to ground the preparations for his reception on something surer than the chance remembrance of his eccentric cousin.

The old man made no remark, and the morning reading went on as usual.

Other occupations followed in their customary routine.

Mr. Durrant's coming appeared to be wholly forgotten—of interest to no one.

But it was not so—at least to Margaret.

The pain caused by his letter still lived in her memory, and she had a certain curiosity to see the clear-headed, cold-hearted man who had arranged the life she found it so hard to lead in patience.

She sought to relieve it by questioning Mrs. Cator, but did not receive much satisfaction.

Mrs. Cator's powers of description were exhausted when she said that he was very like the mistress, and about her age.

For further details Margaret found she must wait till she saw him; no hard fate fortunately, for, after all, her curiosity was but half-hearted.

"Mr. Durrant had come, and it was half-past six," was the intelligence that greeted her when she came in from one of her solitary walks that Friday evening.

The news somehow startled her.

It was later than she had thought, and not to be ready for one of the strictly punctual meals was ever taken by Miss Durrant as a dire affront, implying, as she chose to believe, want of respect to herself.

Hastily therefore Margaret ran up-stairs and went through her usual evening toilette.

For she well understood there would be no change in the domestic arrangements. Any such proceeding would have ill suited Miss Durrant's proud temper.

Years after she remembered well the dress she wore that night—a dress of thin black stuff, fitting high to the throat, with some of the old-fashioned pure white roses from the garden nestling in her hair.

She even remembered how that hair gleamed like gold as she turned away from her mirror, and how the roses seemed hardly whiter than her neck.

She noticed it all without a particle of the self-satisfied vanity that would have filled a meaner nature.

There were for her no beloved ones in whose eyes her beauty could enhance her value. And that would have been its sole advantage in her own imagination.

It wanted but three minutes to the appointed time when she ran swiftly down the great staircase—a bright contrast to its deep gloom—and across the hall, filled with the red autumn sunset, into Miss Durrant's sitting-room.

Her eyes were dazzled, on first entering it, by the glow she had left behind, and for a minute she could see nothing plainly.

She only perceived there was a stranger in the room; and with slightly quickened pulses, for a stranger was so rare in that lonely place, and she was still so young, she turned to close the door.

But in the movement she entangled her dress, and this slight mishap heightened her embarrassment—heightened also, though she knew it not, the shy look in her large eyes and the delicate color in her cheeks.

Hastily she, as she thought, liberated herself and tried to advance, then stopped, for again the obstinate fold of grenadine checked her steps, and again she stopped to struggle with it.

But she was not destined to free it for herself.

As the door closed the strange gentleman had listlessly raised his eyes, wondering whether this could be Miss Durrant's humble companion, the London merchant's daughter, the dowdy plebeian who claimed kindred with that ancient house.

And he started with surprise as out of the flood of golden light came this beautiful, girlish creature, whose black dress in its refined simplicity suited so well the graceful contour of her slender form and contrasted so admirably with the snowy skin, the gold-brown hair, the soft color and violet eyes.

A London merchant's daughter, doubtless, and yet as true a lady as the haughtiest Durrant of them all.

Every sensitive feature—every quiet, graceful movement—told it plainly, while on her face there rested an indescribable charm, a look of shy, sweet humility, of mute appeal for protection or forbearance, such as had never softened their proud bearing.

Scarce knowing what he did, he rose to his feet, and with the customary—"Allow me," bent down over the refractory dress.

It was her turn to be startled now.

The dazzle had left her eyes, and she saw kneeling at her feet a man certainly not yet thirty years of age, with a small head set well on his broad, shapely shoulders; with light, curling hair brushed back from a bronzed, open face lighted by frank intelligent eyes.

Where was the Mr. Durrant who resembled his cousin so strongly, both in face and age? Surely this could not be he; and if not, who? Some relation possibly—yes, there was a certain likeness to Miss Durrant about the mouth and chin, but that was all.

Beyond this there was no clue to guide her. Who could he be?

She had to suspend her mental inquiry, for he had by this time achieved the liberation of her dress.

As she lifted her eyes to thank him in a few embarrassed words, she perceived how tall and athletic he was, and noticed, woman-like, the masculine perfection of his dress, alike removed from slovenliness and foppery.

Anxious only to regain her customary obscurity, she moved away to a chair as she ended her short speech, while he, bowing with the careless grace of good-breeding, turned expectantly towards Miss Durrant.

Instantly Margaret divined he was waiting for an introduction to herself, and devined also that, even if Miss Durrant should be so far mindful of the routine of social life as to know such a ceremony was needful, her pride would certainly lead her to think her young cousin unworthy of its observance, and that she would become the more offended the more she saw it was required.

It was with trepidation therefore that she began to busy herself with her work, and listened for the first sounds that should break the stubborn silence.

"Won't you introduce us, Miss Durrant?" said the young stranger at last, weary of waiting, and not to be rebuffed.

Miss Durrant was sitting silent as usual, in her usual dress, on her usual chair.

With one furtive glance of her keen angry eyes she had seen and understood his attitude. She was displeased that her tacit refusal to comply with his wish had not been accepted.

"I do not observe formalities now.

"Least of all should I do so in the case of a person like Miss Lindsay"—came at last in cold, angry tones, "I have no doubt you are well aware who she is."

As Margaret's face flushed high with shame and anger, what seemed a reflection of its glow mounted into that of the young man.

But the gravity passed away as, after a minute's pause, he turned to her, saying—

"My cousin has left half her duty unperformed, Miss Lindsay. You must let me conclude our introduction myself.

"My name is Edward Durrant. And I am here because, I regret to say, my father is prevented from being so by illness."

Through the sunshine of his pleasant smile and the tones of his pleasant voice came to her the unspoken assurance of the delicate courtesy by which he would fain make amends for his cousin's rudeness.

And it helped to soothe her ruffled pride and enabled her to make the quietly commonplace remark that she was sorry Mr. Durrant was unwell.

"I am sorry too," replied his son.

"But I trust it is only a passing indisposition. And I am glad to make acquaintance with this place."

"This is not your first visit?" said Margaret, looking up with surprise.

"This is my first," he answered, smiling as their eyes met.

"I have long had a curiosity to see Upton, but it has never been gratified till to-day."

"You could have come before if you had chosen," interposed Miss Durrant, in a tone of cold offence.

"Might I, cousin Katherine? I wish I had then.

"I never saw prettier country than you have round here."

And with that he applied himself with much diligence to the difficult task of talking to his austere hostess—not without success.

Margaret kept gravely out of the conversation, only now and then coming to the rescue to supply some of the ordinary information about the place, of which Miss Durrant was always extraordinarily ignorant. Beyond this she was resolutely silent.

But even so the evening seemed shorter than in general, and Miss Durrant's room was a less melancholy apartment now that it was animated by her young cousin's bright cheerfulness, and filled with the sound of the soft tenor voice, which had a power to interest Miss Durrant that appeared to Margaret fairly wonderful.

Not a syllable that he spoke was lost on her—she, generally so absent and sunk in abstraction. It did not make her talkative in return: it did not make her any happier. But she was ever conscious of his presence, with a vivid intensity of feeling.

And this intense perception did not pass away with that first night.

Often and often, as time went on, she would watch him furtively with her large dark eyes—those eyes of pain and scorn: and once or twice—though only once or twice, so quick and cunning was she—Margaret perceived it.

But the young man himself was wholly unconscious he was ever subjected to that keen scrutiny—that gaze of sad, hopeless longing and bitter memory.

"You are not liker you father," she said suddenly to him on one of these occasions.

"No; I'm afraid I'm no true Durrant," he answered, smiling in his frank way. "I took after my grandmother."

"You say truly," she rejoined, with bitter emphasis.

"No one with a face like yours was ever a true Durrant."

He looked up, half-affronted, as if to remonstrate, changed his mind before speaking, and let the subject drop.

Margaret, who chanced to be by, was struck by the little incident and kept it in her memory.

She found it there afterwards, when it were for her a significance it did not possess during this visit of the young gentleman.

It proved a longer visit than was at first intended.

The various small business matters concerning which he had come to be his father's deputy proved occasionally somewhat puzzling to his inexperience.

And there was one especially, about a bridge, which promised to be obdurate and hard of settlement.

This case had arisen from that morbid fear lest any one should get the better of him which appears to hang about the farmer like a nightmare, producing all manner of exaggerations, and nice little quarrels, and a whole legion of dogs-in-the-manger. It was in this wise.

A. held some fields, the best approach to which was over the bridge in question, which however could only be gained by a cart-track leading through the fields occupied by B. So long as the two were on good terms no question had been raised as to its by A. But latterly a hitch had arisen between them. A. had complained of some of B.'s laborers. B. had replied by threatening to stop access to the bridge. Whereupon A. resorted to counter threats. B., incensed, locked his gates. A. appealed to the landlord. By this time half the district had ranged themselves on one side or the other, having smelt the battle from afar, and hugely appreciated the struggle and excitement. Neighbors of years' standing declined to shake hands, and stayed away from church lest they might inopportunely meet each other. It was high time superior wisdom should interfere.

Mr. Durrant did not appear to be much disturbed by the consequent lengthening of his stay at the lonely old house; and of the stupendous bridge question, as he called it, he made fun sufficient to enliven all the evening of any day on which it had been brought before him.

His was one of those happy, earnest natures, to which time and place, so long as the thing which should be done therein is prospering, are indifferent.

And moreover, in this instance, it might be that the old home of his ancestors possessed for him a charm imperceptible to others.

To those others he on his part gave the pleasure that a benevolent nature involuntarily affords to those brought into contact with it.

Bright and genial, and with the never-failing courtesy of one who was still always their superior, he won golden opinions from the domestic world.

Even Cator, the roughest of rough diamonds, relaxed into a grim smile at his quaint anecdotes, and confided to his wife that there would be some hope for the old house when that young chap came to be master.

Cator's subordinates, to him refractory and the cause of daily war, moved in cheerful obedience at the young man's bidding. And so far as his cousin was concerned, though her interest in him might be painful it was nevertheless strong.

She preferred seeing him to not seeing him, even though it deepened the trouble in her eyes. The answers she gave him were short, and often abrupt and rude, but still they came. The conversation did not threaten to drop as often as Margaret had anticipated.

And Margaret? Margaret liked him very well.

He was undeniably superior to any young man she had previously met.

Her liking for him increased while, as time drew on, his character developed before her.

And she was glad that he seemed to like her in return, all in a frank open way, her heart guarded from anything more dangerous alike by maiden indifference and maiden pride.

He had professed himself fond of music—a declaration which brought a gleam of light into his cousin's eyes as she heard it—and so, after the first night or so, Margaret's evening performances in the drawing-room were resumed.

Relieved by Mr. Durrant's presence from her fear of his cousin, no longer feeling it necessary to avoid all music of a stormy or pathetic nature, she could once more throw her whole soul into her favorite art.

Both the hearers would listen intently—Miss Durrant sometimes charmed into a momentary forgetfulness of herself; Mr. Durrant giving her at the close of each evening such thanks as it pleased her greatly to receive, so cordial and unfeigned were they, and yet so free from foolish compliment.

Always free from it; though, perhaps, as the days of his sojourn lengthened, his eyes dwelt more constantly on the lighted space made by two candles amidst the gloom, where that graceful head bent over the old piano, and the living face drew more of his attention from the pictured ones which at his first coming had excited his greatest interest.

For every portrait and other relic of the old time in this mansion of his forefathers had attraction for him.

And here also Margaret's tastes met and agreed with his, for her father's antiquarian bent was latent in her, and only required the influence of such a kindred spirit to call it into vigorous life.

Altogether the two agreed very well; and when the great bridge question had at length been happily settled by a judicious spirit of compromise all round, she bade Edward Durrant good-bye with regret that she made no attempt to conceal. It needed no concealment.

It was merely regret at the cessation of an intercourse maintained with over-respectful courtesy on his side; on hers with a dignified reserve which was still always sweet and gracious as herself.

* * * * * * *

Margaret might have regarded Mr. Durrant's departure with greater regret had she realized what rest and protection his presence afforded her.

She did not awake to a sense of this till it was withdrawn—till she found that the place had resumed that air of melancholy emptiness which it had worn for her at her first coming, that her companions were very uninteresting, and that Miss Durrant, saying nothing indeed, for words were rare with her, was nevertheless fiercer and more sullen than usual.

This was not all.

The ray of sunshine which had for awhile dissipated the shadows of the old house had gone, and on its departure they began to gather again with double gloom.

Once more Margaret grew afraid of the night hours, with their deep stillness and chance noises.

Once more her busy imagination peopled them with a train of ghosts, at whose head moved the murderous Lady Durrant in her long white robes.

No longer could she, or dare she, forget in her music the gloom of the great drawing-room in which she played, or of its mistress who sat there silent and immovable.

It worried her day and night—this fear of something unearthly, intangible—she knew not rightly what. And the more it worried her, the more she learned to look back with regret on the days when it had been removed from her, and on the bright, sensible presence that had kept it at bay.

If sometimes, as she came home through the falling twilight from her visits to the poor, her thoughts reverted to that presence mechanically, it was hardly to be wondered at—the experience had been so strange and bright a one in her simple life.

Gradually the year stole on. The lovely country seemed still lovelier in its autumnal garb.

The blue mists hung drowsily in the hollows of the hills, the trees turned red and brown and gold, the silence of the dying year settled on the land as those two peaceful months, September and October, followed each other in their course.

And then, when that silence round the ever silent Upton had become so oppressive that to Margaret's fanciful mind it seemed as if she could hardly breathe, a chance dispute between two stupid laborers awoke once more the old quarrel about the bridge.

The scarcely-laid passions of the country-

side were speedily roused anew; once more appeal was made to the higher powers; and soon young Mr. Durrant was at Upton again.

His father's illness had proved more than the passing indisposition he had anticipated, and it was once more necessary that he should take his place.

"I've brought my gun and a couple of dogs, cousin Katherine," he announced on his arrival.

"You have no objection to letting me make a closer inspection of your covers, I presume.

"It's just possible the poachers may have left something for me to pick up.

"You can do as you please," she answered. "But there has been no shooting since——"

She broke off, and a tremor ran through her frame. Then a new feeling seemed to urge her again to speech.

"Since my father died," she added, and sank back into silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gorie Grange.

BY JOHN FROST.

I AM not superstitious, and I flatter myself that I am not weak-minded; in fact, I do not believe that I am deficient in either moral or physical courage.

Show me my foe, and I am always ready and willing to grapple him.

Still, there is with most of us, I fancy, a shrinking from anything supernatural, and I am not altogether free from the feeling myself.

Yet I would have you understand that I am not a bit of a coward.

I wish most especially to impress this upon your mind.

I am not a coward—I repeat it; but I am short.

Yes, I must confess it, I am altogether a small man, and therefore, although my courage is of the best quality, I am placed sometimes at an unfair disadvantage.

However, what I lack in size I make up for in conversation.

Everyone knows Anthony Hare is a great talker.

Without being conceited, I believe I may say with truth that I am a most amusing little man, and a favorite in society.

I am not a rich man, neither am I a very poor one.

What I have is a certainty; besides which I have prospects.

My three paternal aunts are very fond of me.

I am their only masculine relation, and in consequence they think a good deal of me.

They are cheery old damsels, above middle age, marvels of juvenility in dress and manners, and sprightly as kittens.

They resided, generally, in an old red-brick house which they had inherited from their mother's family, and which had, like most old country houses, a legend attached to it.

But to unravel the truth of the story was more than my aunts had been able to do, there were so many varieties in its telling.

It ran something to this effect:

The great-great-maternal grandfather of these old ladies had owned property in the West Indies, and when returning to England he brought home with him his negro servant, and went down into Blankshire to reside in the very red-brick house now inhabited by the Miss Hares—Gorie Grange.

It was said that their great-great-grandfather, whose name was Rowe, had brought home with him untold wealth, but his style of living certainly proclaimed no such thing.

It was moreover asserted that Mr. Rowe was a miser, and had hidden his money-bags where he believed no one would think of looking for them, but that his servant, with a black man's cunning, had ferreted out the secret.

These money-bags were much talked of in the neighborhood, but no signs of wealth became visible in Mr. Rowe's mode of life.

He had chosen his own rooms in a wing which was almost detached from the rest of the house, and there he lived a most isolated life.

No visitors were invited to the Grange, and the old man had only his servant Sambo and an ancient housekeeper to wait upon him.

Mr. Rowe was about seventy years of age, and had for many years been a widower.

His only son he had left attending to his West Idian property, so he might almost be said to be alone in the world.

One morning, about twelve months after Mr. Rowe's arrival at the Grange, finding that her master did not come down to breakfast, and seeing nothing of Sambo, the antiquated housekeeper crawled up the stairs, as well as her "rheumatics" would let her, and tapped at Mr. Rowe's bed-room door.

There was no reply.

Again and again she knocked, but with no result, and then she essayed to open the door.

To her surprise it yielded at once, and as she had used some force, expecting resistance, she went in much more quickly than was at all comfortable to her rheumatic limbs and fell heavily against the bottom of the four-post oaken bed-stead, which filled up a large space in the room.

Whether she was stunned she hardly knew.

As she lay there, unable to rise, a great horror came upon her.

She felt that she was in the presence of a terrible scene, and yet she had not the sense to understand it, or take it wholly in.

She crept from the room like a stricken animal, never attempting to rise, but crawling away, looking back over her shoulder from time to time as if she feared to be followed by—something.

In this way she must have regained her kitchen, for there the gardener found her some hours later, coiled up before the dying embers of the fire, crouching almost against the bars of the grate.

He shook her by the shoulder, and she started violently, and began to shiver.

That some deed of horror had been enacted in the house he at once perceived, but of what nature he could not gather from the terror-stricken old woman.

He went away and obtained assistance.

The report that a tragedy had taken place at Gorie Grange soon spread, and even as the horrible has great powers of attraction, the gardener quickly found volunteers in plenty to accompany him in his voyage of discovery round the old house.

In Mr. Rowe's bed-room a dreadful sight met their view.

The old man was lying upon the floor with his throat cut.

From all appearances the fearful act must have been committed while he was in bed, probably when he was asleep, but it had failed to kill him at once.

The old man was powerful and not easily subdued, nor easily killed.

To judge by the disturbed state of the room, even after he had received his death-wound there had been a severe struggle.

That Mr. Rowe had been murdered seemed certain, and so the inquest pronounced.

Some few there were who averred a belief that he had committed suicide, but all the evidence, medical and otherwise, pointed to murder.

The old housekeeper told what little she knew, and little indeed that was, as we have already seen.

One of the most strange features of the case was that Sambo had never been seen or heard of after this shocking event had taken place, and neither dead nor alive was he to be found.

Had he killed his master and absconded with his gold, or had he shared the same fate?

If so, what had become of him?

The police were not then what the police are now.

Still they appeared to do their utmost to find a clue to the mystery, but without success.

And from that time, only the legend was left of the great-great-maternal grandfather of my aunts.

Mr. Rowe's son in the West Indies never came home at all, and Gorie Grange was shut up.

Years afterwards his son claimed the property, and no one appeared to have any desire to dispute his right to it.

In due course he settled there, but from what I can learn, the wing where the tragedy had been enacted had been used by him only as lumber rooms.

Whether this was in consequence of the ghastly story attached to them, or whether he had plenty of rooms without them, I cannot say.

This gentleman was the grandfather of my three aunts, and he had no sons.

He left the place to his only daughter, and from her (their own mother) the Miss Hares had inherited it, with the legend attached thereto.

But the effects of such stories wane with age, and my aunts thought and cared little about their great-great-grandfather, and probably gave small credence to the blood-stained tale.

So long as their mother lived (and a very long time that was) there was no talk of awaking the echoes of those unused rooms, shut off as they were from the rest of the house.

The old four-post bedstead alone stood there.

It was too massive to decay, and too handsome to destroy, with its rich and rare carving, and too unwieldly to move.

They left it alone.

My aunts had lived much at the Grange, and a little in London.

I had spent a portion of my time with them yearly, in one place or the other, but I gave the preference to their cosey London residence, small though it was.

As I have said before, I was a favorite with my aunts.

I did my best to amuse them, and I suppose I succeeded.

I was what is commonly, but surely erroneously, called "an idle man."

And yet no man could be more busy.

What is it I do?

Well, really, the things are so numerous that I cannot exactly say.

But one fact I will mention:

I never have a moment to really call my own.

And yet everyone dubs me "an idle man."

It is a little annoying, but it can't be helped, I suppose, as I cannot proclaim that I am a baker, or a butcher, or a lawyer, or a clerk in the Admiralty, or that I belong to any other definite trade or profession.

My aunts, however, seemed rather proud of the fact.

The dear old souls set to work, as soon as the Grange became their own property, to give me a home with them.

I knew nothing about it at all.

They sent for painters, plasterers, and whitewashers, who were followed by decorators and upholsterers, and the discarded wing was restored and refurnished.

There was only one article of the old furniture left, and that was the large ancient bedstead.

Its carving was so beautiful that they thought I should like to retain it.

It looked like one of the old state bedsteads from Hampton Court stranded among the pretty modern furniture.

The suit of rooms, three in number, was prepared for me.

I knew I ought to be grateful to my aunts for their kindness, and yet I must confess I felt uncomfortable.

First, I preferred being my own master; secondly, I hated the country.

Lamp-posts were far more congenial to my taste than trees; pavements to green fields and muddy lanes.

And thirdly, as the door of the communication with the old wing closed after me with a spring, the story of the murder (which I had not thought of for years) rushed into my mind, with all its horrors crowding fast and thick one upon the other.

But there stood my smiling aunts, and what could I say? except how kind this surprise of theirs was, and how pretty I thought all things they had selected for my use, and how little I deserved all they had done for me.

I made my small speeches cheerfully, but there was a dull weight at my heart. I did not like at all being the first sleeper in these apartments.

I vowed to myself that at least that spring door should not close me in.

I would drive a staple into the wall and fasten it back—a fact I accomplished before bedtime; after which I felt happier.

I took great pains to prevent my aunts fancying that I had any dislike to my new quarters.

In fact, as the evening wore on, I had almost ceased to think about it.

I ate a good dinner at seven o'clock, my aunts bringing some of their best wine from the cellar in honor of the occasion, and I drank freely.

Never was I more brilliant.

I kept them, and a few friends whom they had invited to meet me, in constant roars of laughter.

I made myself agreeable and amusing to all, as I can do when I like.

The dinner and evening were both a success.

Some of the departing guests of the sterner sex prepared themselves for a cold drive by a glass of hot brandy-and-water, in which I joined them.

After they had all gone, I took just one more for a "nightcap"; kissed my aunts all round, and amidst their reiterated kind wishes that I might have a good night and be comfortable, etc., etc., I lighted my candle and went off to my solitary wing.

I looked at the door of communication and saw, to my satisfaction, that it was fastened back quite safely.

"If it had been open thus the night that poor old man was murdered," I thought, "his screams could easily have been heard all over the house."

And then I went into my room and shut the door.

A fire was burning in the grate and the window curtains were closed.

Now, if there is one thing I dislike, it is to sleep in a darkened room.

In strange houses I often indulge in a night-light, but on this occasion I had not one.

So I went to the window, opened the curtains, drew up the blind, and looked out into the starlit night, and saw with joy the promise of a rising moon.

I inspected the furniture of my room minutely.

The bed was some distance from the wall a fact which I thought might be attributable to the skirting board, which projected.

I examined the old carving upon the bedstead, and acknowledged it to be very beautiful.

Still, somehow, I wished it out of the room, for surely it had seen the deed of blood which had been committed there.

It was the only witness left, but there it stood, silent and sombre, as though the scene was unforgotten which had taken place so long ago.

I had no desire to hasten to bed.

It reminded me of a large plumed hearse.

But my candles were burning low, and there was nothing for it but to hurry between the sheets.

Once there, sleep soon fell upon me and thought was obliterated.

How long I slept I know not, but suddenly a sensation of horror overcame me.

I felt as though I were chained to the spot; spell-bound; unable to move hand or foot.

The moon was shining with a cold white light into the room.

It fell upon the lower curtains of the bed, making them seem like spectres.

It gleamed with an unearthly whiteness across the bed itself, and from thence across the room, glancing upon the white panels of the door; I was constrained to follow its course, and observe upon what it shone.

Nothing but the door; I could see its gilt beadings.

Nothing but the door.

Still it had a horrible fascination for me, and I watched it, though I strove with all my might to look away.

I could not.

All my senses were centred upon it; it enchained me—it drew me.

By degrees I sat up, my eyes riveted upon it.

Great Heaven! was it my fancy? was I going mad?

It opened—slowly; how slowly and stealthily! . . . I was in an agony.

I clutched at the bed-clothes with my clammy, dead-cold hands.

Great drops of sweat broke out upon my brow.

The moon shone in, whiter and more coldly than ever, and from behind the door cautiously there peered in—the face of a black man.

He rolled his large dark eyes around the room, and the moon shimmered upon them as they turned round and round in their sockets, and at last fastened themselves on me with a demoniac glare.

Never have I suffered as at that moment.

I strove to scream—it was in vain; my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth.

I could utter no sound.

His hand crept round the door, and gleaming there in the moonlight with a cruel flash, I saw a long slender knife. Still I could not speak.

He entered the room; a large powerful negro.

He turned his back to me, and noiselessly closed the door.

I made a superhuman effort; I struggled to free myself from the fearful terror which rendered me powerless to save my life. I sprang from the bed, thanking God there was room for me behind it, and my awful visitor advanced in the moonlight as I crept yet closer against the wall.

I could see him between the long curtains.

He had not noticed that I had deserted the bed.

He stood beside it, and a cruel laugh broke from him; his white ferocious teeth glistening like those of a wild beast.

His eye-balls seemed to emit fire.

With a devilish chuckle he raised his knife, and brought it down suddenly into the shadow where I had lain.

A cold shiver ran through me; my teeth chattered in my head; my knees shook under me.

Nothing but my intense fear, and an instinct of self-preservation, prevented me from fainting.

He drew out his dagger-like knife, and looked upon it eagerly for my life-blood—it was not there.

He crouched like a tiger about to spring upon his victim, a wild beast baulked of his prey; his breath came thick and hot and furious; it rose like steam from his dilated nostrils.

I watched him, I could not help it. I felt I must see what he was about, even if it cost me my life.

Suddenly he discovered me, and crept after me with a cat-like movement behind the bed.

As he followed me I moved on, hiding by turns behind the curtains.

We both kept stopping to look where the other was, and each time, between the curtains, I met his cruel rolling eyes and his demoniacal grin.

He was gaining upon me!

I never stayed to look at him now, and yet I could see the horrible gleam of his eyes and teeth as he rushed on through the moonlight.

I could feel his breath upon my neck as he pressed after me more closely.

On I sped for my life, faster, faster, faster.

The whole room seemed to be whirling round, and everything in it; and I could go no quicker; yet I knew that he gained upon me.

I flung up my eyes wildly; I saw the flash and gleam of his upraised knife; I felt that it was descending—I shut my eyes that I might not see it—but I could utter no sound.

It fell with a cruel, sharp, sudden pain, and I sprang forward with a fearful, prolonged yell.

My screams resounded through the old house, scream upon scream; awaking my aunts and the servants, from sound slumber into terrified consciousness.

They huddled together in groups of peculiar, if not picturesque, costumes; and still my unearthly screams fell upon their ears.

They armed themselves with pokers and other fire-irons, the butler manfully taking the lead with a loaded revolver.

Thus this motley crew entered my room.

I was screaming still sitting up in bed, staring in front of me with dilated, terrified eyes. The women servants who carried lamps raised them, and they looked at me. The unusual noise and the moving lights quickly aroused me, together with my aunts' voices.

"Tony, Tony!" they exclaimed, "what is the matter? What have you seen?"

"Matter enough," I replied foolishly.

"I have seen Sambo's ghost!"

The women servants shrank closer together, and shivered, and all present exchanged uncomfortable glances, while the butler, finding his enemy could not be reached with powder and shot, showed no inclination to remain in the ghostly precincts.

As I looked at the rampant curl papers of my aunts, a sense of the ludicrous came over me, and I began to laugh.

"Poor dear, he is quite hysterical," cried one of them anxiously. "You shall never sleep here again, Tony, be sure of that."

But I couldn't help laughing still, for the curl papers were so animated.

Nothing would persuade the dear old ladies but that I should be very ill, and they hustled me into a dressing-gown, and hurried me out of the room to a snug little box near their own, where my clothes were deposited by the butler, who could not, however, be induced to go back for my razors and brushes, which he had forgotten, but promised to fetch them in the morning.

The door of communication with the haunted wing was locked and bolted, and

those who had beds returned to them, while I rolled myself up in my railway rug, and finished my night in an easy-chair.

I have told you before that I am not a coward; and I should have had no objection to resume my sleep on the old oak bedstead. But my aunts were obdurate; they would not permit it.

The next morning, at breakfast, my eldest aunt began.

"Anthony, we're going to pull it down."

"Pull it down?" I repeated; "pull what down, aunt Jem?"

"Why, the wing to be sure—what else?"

"Pull down the wing?" I echoed aghast; "just after having it all so beautifully done up—and for me, too!

"Oh, nonsense, my dear aunt; what is the matter with it?"

"My dear Anthony, it shan't stand one brick upon another after what happened last night."

"Well, and what did happen, do you think?"

"You saw—oh, I can't bear to speak of it, it is too dreadful—and I never believed in it; really I never did."

"Believe in what?" I questioned.

"Why, in the legend attached to this house."

"Nor have I," I replied quietly, "and never will."

"What!

"Not after seeing it?" cried all my aunts in a breath.

"I did nothing of the kind, my dear aunts.

"It was a dream: nothing but a nightmare, I can assure you.

"I ate veal for dinner, and it never agrees with my digestion.

"Don't give it me again, and I shall see no more of my friend Sambo.

"He is a ferocious-looking fellow, and once was quite enough, I can tell you."

But all I could say was of no avail.

Another bed-room was prepared for me, and orders were that very day issued for the destruction of the old wing, which had held its own against time and tradition so long.

I continued to expostulate. It seemed such a pity to pull down the place because I had dreamt that Sambo had paid me a visit; and so I told my aunts.

"You may call it a dream, Tony," said aunt Jem, solemnly, "but we consider it a vision. It ought to have been razed to the ground long and long since."

What was to be done with the bedstead and all its wonderful old carving? I begged that it might be preserved, it was so handsome. It would make into a splendid sideboard, book-shelves, and dinner-wagons. But my aunts were resolute.

If the story were true at all, the murder had been committed on that very bed; it should be burnt.

They had kept it believing the legend to be a romance, but now they had changed their opinion, and nothing should remain connected with that deed of blood.

I felt a sort of pity for the noble bedstead, and for the old rooms too, since it was through me that they were to be demolished.

The modern furniture had been removed to the other part of the house, and the work of destruction was about to begin. I felt constrained to go and look on at it.

I found the workman were already roughly pulling down the royal old bedstead.

I should like to have saved it even now, but I could hit upon no plan to induce my aunts to change their rather strong minds.

One of the posts fell heavily, and the whole fabric came down with a great crash, falling partly against the wall and the projecting skirting-board.

I noticed a sharp click, and wondered what it could be, but amid the noise of the falling oak it was not heeded by the workmen.

When the wreck of the bedstead was removed, I saw that the slanting skirting-board had shifted, and pointed it out to one of the men.

They gathered round and examined it seemingly puzzled; for the board had a concealed spring which had burst open from the sudden concussion.

The builder, after looking at it for a few moments in silence, carelessly replaced the skirting-board, saying there was nothing to stare at in that.

But when the old bedstead was safely out of the way, he ordered the men to continue their work of demolition elsewhere, and then he came and touched me on the arm.

"Is there any truth, sir, in the tale that people tell about the murder of an old miser in this room?"

"You have asked a question I cannot answer," I replied.

"My aunts' great-great-grandfather, Mr. Rowe, is said to have been murdered here by his negro servant, and because I dreamt I saw Sambo the other night, my dear old *will* pull the place down."

"Perhaps they are right, sir," answered the builder.

"Have you any objection to telling me all you have heard about the murder?"

"Not in the least, if you really care to hear such rubbish." And I told him in as few words as I could.

"And now, sir, would you think me impertinent if I beg you to tell me your dream."

I was rather amused at the request, but I did as he asked me.

He listened attentively, then regarded me gravely.

"That was no dream, sir; there is more in this than you seem to think.

"I should not be surprised if we come upon something in pulling down this wing. At any rate, I should like to work out the meaning of this spring in the skirting-board."

"All right," I laughed.

"Do as you like, and I'll see fair play."

The builder lay down upon the floor, removed the board, and peered in; after a few moments he glanced sharply round the room, and his eyes rested on a cupboard.

He at once rose and went to it; opening the door he remarked quietly:

"Ah! I thought as much."

I followed him and looked over his shoulder.

The back of the cupboard had swung round, and there was a narrow passage beyond. We both gazed eagerly into it, but it was dark as night.

"We must have a lantern," he said, and I offered to fetch one; an offer which he accepted, and remained on guard at the door.

It was some time before I returned, for a lantern could not at first be found. When I did, he was still waiting by the cupboard.

We crept along the narrow passage, he leading the way with the light. The air was damp and offensive.

"Let us get out of this horrid hole," I gasped, hardly able to breathe in the close, foul atmosphere.

The passage, which had been so narrow as barely to admit of our shoulders, now turned two ways.

One down some steep steps, and the other up some scarcely less steep.

We therefore descended slowly, for it was very slippery. We were brought up suddenly by a thick, clamped door in the wall.

"This has been a secret entrance, evidently," said the builder; "but the bars are rusted in, and the key is gone."

"I have never noticed it from the outside," I answered.

"It is covered with ivy, centuries old," he replied, quietly.

"You would not be likely to see it, but I am not surprised to find it is there."

"You seem surprised at nothing," I remarked rather testily, for the man's calm superiority of manner irritated me.

"I certainly suspected there was a passage there; I will tell you why when I can breathe better, sir. Will you kindly take the lantern. You will have to lead now; there is not room for me to pass you."

I had to do as I was requested; there was no choice in the matter; but I confess I preferred the builder's being in front; he was twice my size, and therefore it seemed more fitting that he should be the leader.

"Shall we go back?" I asked. "I am stifled."

"We had better go up the steps," he replied; and I could not refuse.

At the top of them there was quite a little lobby, and I felt glad to get out of the narrow passage; so I stepped on quickly without looking where I went.

My feet caught in something on ground, and I nearly fell down; the lantern came in contact with the wall and was extinguished.

It was horrible to be thus shut up in the dark place worse than the worst of dungeons, and I felt as sick as death.

"Have you dropped the lantern?" asked the builder, quietly.

"It will be bad traveling back without it, but I suppose I must try."

"For Heaven's sake don't leave me in this forsaken place," I cried.

"Try and find the lantern then, sir; I will strike a match."

He did so and held it up; I groped for the lantern in the dim light it shed, and clasped something; I raised it towards the match.

"Great heavens!" I screamed, "what is it?"

But before he could distinguish what I held in my hand the flickering match had burnt out.

I had seen it, and let it drop in horror.

It was a human skull.

I remembered nothing more for some time. When I recovered my senses the lantern was again alight, and I was still in the horrible dark dungeon.

The builder was examining an iron safe which was fitted into a niche in the wall; the lid was open, and it was filled with gold coins; many of them were scattered upon the loathsome floor, and the hands of the skeleton lying there seemed to be grasping them, even in death, to judge by the bent, clutching fingers.

The key was in the iron safe, but it would not turn, it was rusted into the lock.

"For mercy's sake let us get out," I murmured.

He looked at me keenly, and took up the lantern and led the way back.

I followed him as quickly as the trembling of my limbs would permit me, and at length I stood in the light of day again and felt thankful.

"We had better not close this place yet," my companion said: "we might find it less easy to open another time. I suppose we can lock the door of the room, sir?"

I gladly gave consent and took the builder into the library to talk over what we had found and seen; but before I spoke a word I rang for brandy. I drank a glass down without water; the builder diluted his, and sipped it slowly.

I looked at him with interest. He was a stranger to me. I found him to be a shrewd Scotchman, reserved and grave in manner, a firm believer in spirits and in all things ghostly.

He had noticed that the measurements of the rooms, when added together, did not tally with the external measurement of the house; and he had pondered over the problem, and come to the conclusion that there must be either a room bricked up there, or a secret passage; but as it was no business of his, he had not mentioned his thoughts to anyone.

When, however, he was ordered to pull down the wing, and demolish his own just-finished work, and the spring panel had come to light, he had considered it his duty to do what he had done. This he told me in a few straightforward words.

"The money must be removed before the men begin their work," he said. "They had better know nothing about it, sir."

"Will it be possible to keep it from their knowledge?" I answered. "We must send for the police, I suppose."

"I should advise you to do nothing of the kind, sir.

"The story would be all over the country in 'less than a week, and your aunts would never fancy their home again.

"My doctor wants a skeleton; you can let him have this one. Were I in your place I should not tell the Miss Hares anything about it."

"But my good fellow, all that accursed gold is theirs, not mine; they must be told."

"About the gold, yes; but about the bones, no, sir. The gold is good enough; that won't hurt them."

"Unless they are murdered for it, like their great-great-grandfather was," I put in.

"People don't keep their money by them very often now," said the builder. "They will of course invest it. Still, to my mind, the less said about it the better."

"Mr. Macdonald," I asked, turning to him, "do you think that is the skeleton of my old ancestor's murderer?"

"Undoubtedly I do," he replied.

"Then how was he shut in there to die?"

"I have thought of that," he answered calmly.

"I should fancy the murderer had left his victim for dead, and gone after the coveted gold. The old man, however, was still alive, and seeing the door leading to his treasure open, his ruling passion was strong in death, and he managed to drag himself to the cupboard to shut it, taking the knife with him for protection against some dreaded foe. Or he may have known that his servant was in there stealing his money, and shut him in out of revenge. Whichever way it was, Sambo supposed his master to be dead, or he would not have ventured down that passage with the chance of being shut in."

"How do you know it is Sambo?" I asked curiously. "You speak as though you were certain upon the subject."

"I am," he replied gravely.

"Have you forgotten your vision?"

"Vision!" I answered; "it was the nightmare; nothing else, I assure you. I had eaten veal, and it never agrees with me."

"Call it what you please, sir, it makes no difference."

Well! there is not much more to tell.

The doctor was taken into our confidence, and came by night for Sambo's bones.

I saw them afterwards in a carved oaken case in his surgery.

"Why, I declare this is some of the old bedstead," I exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied, laughing, "I saw them burning it, and begged some bits of the workmen.

"I only wish I had come sooner, I would have had more; and then the idea struck me to have it made into a house for Mr. Sambo."

"This is a queer world," I murmured.

"The very bed he murdered the old man on has become the wretch's own coffin at last."

"Retribution, my dear sir, no doubt. It is sure to follow some time or other. It makes one moralize, doesn't it?"

I looked at the doctor, and more than half thought he was quizzing me, but I could not be sure. He was one of those men you could never tell whether he was in earnest or not.

Mr. Macdonald and I of course told my aunts of our wonderful find. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, all in gold.

They were of course delighted, and believed to the day of their deaths that Sambo had appeared to tell them of the hidden treasure.

A thousand dollars were presented to the builder for his help and assistance, much to his surprise and gratification, for, to do the honest fellow justice, he did not expect any reward. He had acted only as he thought right.

Fifty thousand dollars they invested in my name, and the same amount was settled on each of themselves.

With the remainder they built and endowed some almshouses, which they named "The Rowe Charity."

The old wing was levelled to the ground. The bricks were carted away, and no more has ever been heard of Sambo.

Still I say now as I said then: I do not believe in ghosts, and my nocturnal visitor was nothing more or less than a veal-begotten dream.

THE VIOLIN.—Violins were unknow to the ancients, the Latin "fidicula," from which some have derived "fiddle," was a stringed instrument, but more like a lute not played with a bow. Ihre thinks that both the instrument, and the name were of northern origin and suggests the Icelandic word "Fidla" as its parent root. It was most likely invented by no one person but has received gradual improvements.

They have been long known in England. Chaucer speaks of "fidel or santrie," in the "Prologue to the Canterbury Lutes," and "fydelles and symbals" are spoken of in the Bible of 1551. In Knight's "History of England" there is a picture of the musicians of the thirteenth century, one of whom is playing with a bow on an instrument very much like the violin of the present day.

Scientific and Useful.

MOULD ON JELLY.—To prevent mould on the top of glasses of jelly lay a lump of paraffine on the top of the hot jelly, letting it melt and spread over it. No brandy paper and no other covering is necessary. If preserved, the paraffine can be melted and poured over when cold.

BLASTING PAPER.—Blasting paper, as made by a Vienna firm, consists of unsized paper coated with a hot mixture of 17 parts yellow prussiate of potash, 17 of charcoal, 35 refined saltpetre, 70 of potassium chlorate 10 of wheat starch, and 1500 of water. After drying it is cut into strips, which are rolled into cartridges.

THE TELEPHONE.—The telephone has been successfully used in France to communicate between a vessel being towed and one towing. The wire was carried along one of the hawsers, and the circuit was completed through the copper on the bottom of the ships and the water. Conversation was carried on distinctly.

WOOD PRESERVATION.—A new process for impregnating wood for its preservation has been patented in Germany. This consists in first treating the wood with a solution of zinc vitriol, and then with a solution of calcium so that the preservative coating is formed upon the wood by the chemical action of both substances on one another.

IRON AND ZINC.—To coat iron with zinc a very fine coating is made of the powder of the latter metal, which is mixed with oil and siccative, and applied to the iron by means of an ordinary brush. In many cases one coat will do. Both the effects of air and water are kept away by two coats. The zinc coating gives the iron a steely appearance, which does not interfere with subsequent painting.

GASES.—Gases may be absorbed through the epidermis of the aerial organs of plants. Some of the plant stages in a vinery had been coated by the gardener with some bad-smelling coal-tar. The result was that the grapes were spoiled. The roots and stems of the vines were outside the house, so that the odor of the tar could not come through them. A curious fact was that the flavor of the tar was stronger in the centre of each grape than on the skin.

ANTS.—To exterminate ants on lawns, find the trail by daylight, follow it and mark the ant-hill, being careful not to disturb it. About nine in the evening, when the ants are all gathered in, pour a little paraffin on the ground, a foot in circumference around the hole, and perhaps a teaspoonful into the hole. Have ready a few light shavings to lay on the top, quickly set it on fire, and put one long burning stick into the hole. It will burn underground fifteen to thirty minutes. The job must be done with "neatness and despatch," not allowing the sentinels on the outskirts time to give warning.

Farm and Garden.

LAYING TURF.—Turf can be successfully laid down, if necessary, in dry and hot summer weather by simply covering it when finished, before it gets too dry, with about a quarter of an inch of light soil put through a half-sieve. The grass begins to grow through the soil in a very few days.

FOOD AND THE SEASON.—At this season extra care should be taken that the horses should have no more grain than they can eat up clean. If any is left in the manger it should be taken out at once and thrown away. If the manger becomes so foul as to emit a sour smell from any cause, it should be carefully cleansed and washed with a solution of soda or potash until perfectly sweet again. The eating of grain that has soured in the manger or feed box is a frequent cause of colic in horses, and those which are well fed, but do not always have time to eat the rations given them, are the most liable to it.

WEEDING OUT.—If a farmer who had but one animal that was useful to him, should allow a dozen others that were of no use to him, and that would only be a greater nuisance as they grow older, to feed from the same crib, one would say he was not wise. Is he any wiser who allows a dozen weeds to grow and fatten upon the fertility of his soil, for each useful plant that he grows? Keep the hoe moving now, and do not allow the plants to be robbed of both food and drink by worthless weeds. Remember more of them can be destroyed in one day while they are small, than in ten after they have got well rooted and cover the ground.

WHAT KILLS FRUIT TREES.—Deep planting is one error—to plant a tree rather shallower than it formerly stood is really the right way, whilst many plant a tree as they would a post. Roots are of two kinds—the young and tender rootlets, composed entirely of cells, the feeders of the trees, always found near the surface getting air and moisture; and roots of over one year old which serve only as supporters of the tree and conductors of its food. Hence the injury that ensues when the delicate rootlets are so deeply buried in the earth. Placing fresh or green manure in contact with the young roots is another great error. The place to put manure is on the surface, where the elements disintegrate, dissolve and carry it downward. Numerous forms of fungi are generated and reproduced by the application of such manures directly to the roots, and they immediately attack the tree. It is very well to enrich the soil at transplanting the tree, but the manure, if it be in contact with or very near the roots, should be thoroughly decomposed.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 25, 1883.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RAISE CLUBS.

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THE BONDAGE OF HABIT.

So many worthy people are under the bondage of some petty habit, that they cease to be peculiar, although more or less offensive. There are people who publicly perform personal offices of the toilet; who have a trick of bringing out a penknife to clean, scrape, pare and polish their nails; who are always smoothing their hair, and stroking their whiskers; who, if they are afflicted with spots, cannot leave them alone; who pick their teeth at odd times, pluck out their rough hairs, scratch their heads, settle their ties, pull down their waistcoats, tighten their bands, arrange their cuffs, flick off the dust from their knees—who, in short, are forever and perpetually performing, with the happiest unconsciousness of offense included, little personal offices which a refined person would not dream of executing in public.

But, taking a broader view of habit or principle, there are persons who are so absorbed in one idea as rarely to attain to any breadth of view or fulness of character. They see things in false perspective, their own specialty covering the entire foreground, and those of others receding into the distance. They shut themselves out out from much knowledge, much sympathy, much happiness. They become, narrow, prejudiced, and often conceited. From dwelling always upon the one subject, on which they know more than any others, they come to feel complacent in their fancied superiority, and quite oblivious of their ignorance of the topics on which other people are well informed. They sometimes become disagreeable to those they meet, and, neither giving or receiving sympathy, their hearts are shut up within themselves and contract. In short, the man of one idea gradually withers and shrivels up, instead of developing into a full and ripe manhood. He is always placing limits beyond which he will not suffer his thoughts, his views, his ideas or sympathies, to grow.

To be thus mistaken, or to do the same thing over and over again for years without heart or improvement, may indeed be called experience; but it is a profitless one. Some people who are proudest of boasting of their experience have the least reason to be proud of it. To have spent ten or twenty years in the same pursuit does not, of itself, entitle a man to respect and honor; but to have spent as many months in steadfast progress, to have brought to bear upon his employment all his past training, to have put into it fresh thoughts, improved habits, and renewed vigor, to have made experiments, studied methods, and planned improvements—that is an experience which we justly esteem.

SANCTUM CHAT.

SIXTY public men and several doctors in St. Louis have been questioned by a reporter as to the benefits of hot water as a morning drink before breakfast. All agree that, as a rule, it is excellent for a disordered stomach resulting from excess in eating and drinking.

—

VERY few people know that a letter mailed in a hotel envelope which fails to reach the person addressed is sent at once to the dead letter office, notwithstanding the ten days' notice on the corner. If you stop at a hotel and use one of their envelopes, always mark out the name and insert your own if you want your letter again, if it fails to reach the person addressed.

—

IN London it is quite the thing now to know an actress, and eminently fashionable to make a fuss about her. Sunday dinner-parties are got up to meet some star of the stage; Sunday evenings are devoted to mild green-room gossip and limp recitations; Sunday afternoons are devoted to driving about from one stage divinity to another.

—

REMEMBER in all things that if you do not begin you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed put in the ground, the first dollar deposited in the savings bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling on his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered it, instead of putting off his resolution of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning!

—

DR. CORFIELD, an eminent English authority, in a work on health, speaking of skim milk and its great value to children, says: "A Dutch physician a few years ago proposed that children who could not digest milk, should be given buttermilk; the practice has been very successful, and a very large number of lives have been saved by giving children buttermilk." He gives as the reason that it contains but little fat, while it is rich in all the other constituents of milk.

—

AN old operator tells a Nashville paper how cable messages are received. He says: "I don't suppose you know how the messages are received over the cables? No. Well, it is altogether different from this tick, tick, tick. The operators there sit in dark rooms. The messages come as little electric sparks; the letters are known by the length of the flash. These men go blind at the end of fifteen years, and are pensioned in England, but nothing is done for them them here. They are not even paid any better than we are."

—

IT is a wonderful fact that shipping, as old as civilization and once the great carrier of the world's commerce, has been far outstripped in its capitalized value by the railroad, an institution but little more than fifty years old. The value of British shipping is $1,000,000,000; value of British railroads, $3,700,000,000; value of American railroads, $6,800,000,000. Great Britain herself, the queen of marine commerce, finds her railroad investment to treble that in shipping, while our railroad plant nearly doubles in value that of the mother country.

—

AN invention of great interest to telegraphers and railway men generally has been patented. It is an electric signaling apparatus for telegraphing between trains and stations, thus keeping all trains in direct communication with the train despatcher and with one another. The invention consists of a jointed conductor, which breaks connections by pressure, the current being carried through the air by means of brushes. Each train carries its own operator and instruments. The invention can also be used to advantage in connection with a block signal.

—

SOMEBODY has been unkind enough to print that sometimes the breasts of the coats of military men are padded, that it may be that their stalwart appearance is not real. And this is not the worst. It is asked that, if the breasts of the coats be padded, may not the legs of the pantaloons be likewise doctored? This is shameful. Even if the soldier boys do pad, or get their tailors to pad them—and the fact is by no means established—why should the story have been printed? It will worry the girls, and to no good end whatever. It is unwise to kill illusions after this fashion. Who knows what confusion it may make among loving hearts.

—

THE commission charged with examining recruits for the French Army were compelled to reject a lad two years ago for the reason that he was a fraction of an inch under the prescribed height. He was so young, however, that there was every reason to suppose that he would grow, and he was marked as a likely candidate for next year. Last year, accordingly, he was measured again, but instead of increasing in stature, the commissioners were amazed to find that he had grown perceptibly shorter. They decided to give him one more chance, and he has just been examined again, only to be finally rejected, since it appeared that his head is steadily sinking towards his boots. During the two years his height has decreased something like one-twentieth of an inch.

—

IN no other nation upon the earth are political honors based upon scientific attainments in all branches of study as they are in China, wherein are illustrated the true principles by which talent and wisdom are honored and rewarded, literature, science, morals and philosophy encouraged, and a nation's happiness and prosperity secured. The avenues to station and power are open alike to all. There are no distinctions save those of education; none relative to nationality, color or previous condition of servitude. All are alike free to seek, and, if competent, to obtain positions of honor, from that of petty magistrate of a village to Grand Imperial Secretary—an office second only to that of Emperor. Few there are, it is true, who posses the fortitude to undergo the necessary educational training consequent to, and upon which depends, his whole hope of success. Of his studies there is no end. To diligence he must add patience, and to patience continuity, else will he fail to secure the coveted prize.

—

THE coffee-house experiment in Boston has met with more than the anticipated success. The houses have been in operation only sixteen months, but a profit of $1,000 a month has been reached. The capital was furnished by benevolent men who looked for no pecuniary return. The Casino coffee-house was opened in February, 1882, and occupied the whole of a building. Plate-glass windows, hard-wood finish, decorated walls, and tasteful furnishings served to remove any impression of cheap charity. There were two entrances, one for women, opening directly into the drawing-rooms, and the other for men, to a "coffee-bar," where coffee, cocoa, etc., sandwiches and simple refreshments were sold, and in the rear were billiard and pool tables, with chairs for persons watching the games. Cigars were sold at the coffee-counter and smoking was allowed. Overhead was a reading-room and an apartment fitted up with tables of games. The idea was to provide all the social attractions of the saloons, with the exception of intoxicating drinks.

—

THE venerable pianist, Liszt, has ceased to play in public on account of the stiffness of his finger-joints. The fact recalls the methods by which he used to keep his fingers supple, a method which is also an interesting illustration of acquired automatism. It was his custom for more than forty years to read a mass immediately upon rising in the morning, and when that duty was finished to seat himself at the piano. So seated, he placed upon the rack in front of him not a musical composition, but some new work of French or German literature, first being careful to mark the number of pages which he intended to read. Then for a long time, sometimes for two or three hours, he would continue to read his book and practice scales. On one occasion, being asked if the reading did not interfere with the playing, or the playing with the reading, he replied: "Oh, no; the playing of the scales is entirely mechanical with me, and simply exercises my fingers; I give all my mind to the reading, very much as do our good ladies who knit stockings and read at the same time."

—

IN prescribing rules concerning bathing, a prominent London journal says: "If the water be chilly, or there be a cold wind so that the body may be rapidly cooled at the surface while undressing, it is not safe to bathe. Under such conditions the further chill of immersion in cold water will take place at the moment when the reaction consequent upon the chill of exposure while undressing ought to occur, and the second chill will not only delay or altogether prevent the reaction, but convert the bath from a mere stimulant to a depressant, ending in the abstraction of a large amount of animal heat and congestion of the internal organ and nerve centres. The actual temperature of the water does not affect the question so much as its relative temperature as compared with that of the surrounding air. The aim must be to avoid two chills: first, from the air, and second from the water; and to make sure that the body is in such a condition as to secure quick reaction on emerging from the water, without relying too much upon the possible effect of friction by rubbing. It will be obvious, therefore, that both weather and wind must be carefully considered before bathing is begun, and that the state of the organism as regards fatigue and the force of the circumstances should also be considered, not merely as regards the general habit, but the special condition when a bath is to be taken. These precautions are eminently needful in the case of the young or weakly."

REST AT EVENING.

BY ANNE PROCTOR.

When the weariness of Life is ended,
And the task of our long day is done,
And the props, on which our heart depended,
All have failed or broken, one by one;
Evening and our Sorrow's shadow blended
Telling us that peace is now begun.

How far back will seem the sun's first dawning,
And those early mists so cold and gray!
Half forgotten even the toil of morning,
And the heat and burden of the day.
Flowers that we were tending, and weeds scorning,
All alike withered and cast away.

Vain will seem the impatient heart, which waited
Tolls that gathered but too quickly round;
And the childish joy, so soon elated
At the path we thought none else had found;
And the foolish ardor, soon abated
By the storm which cast us to the ground.

Vain those pauses on the road, each seeming
As our final home and resting-place
And the leaving them, while tears were streaming
Of eternal sorrow down our face;
And the hands we held, fond folly dreaming
That no future could their touch efface.

All will then be faded—night will borrow
Stars of light to crown our perfect rest;
And the dim vague memory of faint sorrow
Just remain to show us all was best,
Then melt into divine to-morrow—
Oh, how poor a day to be so blest!

The Treasure Stone.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

SOME time ago I formed one of a gay party who had been invited by the owner of the steam-yacht "Sunbeam" to spend the summer cruising round from place to place in search of pleasure.

One of the sailors of Mr. Chiltern's crew was familiar with every piece of water for miles around, and could tell some tradition or anecdote connected with everything we passed.

Once, through this means, I struck the key-note to a romance which may interest my readers.

We had entered the waters of a beautiful bay, and saw before us the grey walls of a massive old castle rising from out a smoothly-kept lawn, whose vivid green contrasted finely with the sombre building.

I was seated beside my friend, "Sailor Jem," as he was called by all on board.

"Oh," I exclaimed, as I caught sight of the castle with its pacing sentries, "is that a military station?"

"None but a *novice* would ask that miss. Them ain't her majesty's uniforms at all. But there's an old fellow who owns and lives on that place who was once upon a time an officer in the East Indy service, and he's brought his ideas of life home with him. Them gay-looking chaps strutting round and making believe they're soldiers is servants dressed up.

"But the old general keeps them as strict in their rules and regulations as though they were the rale article.

"By the bye, there's a story of a wonderful treasure stone connected with that place.

"It was spirited away in the night, and it took nigh on to a dozen men to get it dug up and aboard the boat. It was got by a kind of subterfuge, too. A smooth-tongued chap got around the sentries and made 'em believe just as he wanted to further his own ends, and, if you believe it, they let the treasure-stone go. Why, some says it was worth untold money.

"But Mr. Chiltern has friends in Castle Lone. Maybe he can tell you more about it than I can."

The owner of the "Sunbeam" was pacing slowly up and down the deck as Sailor Jem mentioned his name.

He was a handsome man of some six-and-twenty.

All the young ladies of our party had tried their best to monopolise his attentions, but in vain; he was uniformly kind and polite to all, not giving a hair's-breadth more courtesy to one than another of the gay group.

When I say "young ladies" I do not include myself, for I was only a girl of sixteen not "out" in society, and so insignificant in their eyes, as well as in my own, that I was allowed to do as I like without putting on the (to me) irksome airs and graces appropriate (as all seemed to think) to young ladyhood.

But Mr. Chiltern had heard his name mentioned, and with a pleasant smile in his dark eyes, he paused in his walk.

"You are looking at me very wistfully, Miss Mabel. What is that inveterate story-teller saying about me?"

I hung my head, feeling slightly startled at this direct notice from a gentleman whom I knew so slightly.

To be sure, several times since we had started on our trip I had found him watching me, wondering, I have no doubt, at my childish ways.

So, as I have said, Mr. Chiltern's question abashed me considerably.

"Come," said he pleasantly, "I see guilt upon that ingenuous face.

"You were talking about me. Make a clean breast of it, and tell me what Jem said."

"I just told the young lady, sir, that maybe you could tell her more about the treasure-stone of Castle Lone than I could, as how you had friends there."

And Jem touched his tarpaulin respectfully and moved away.

Mr. Chiltern looked at first surprised and then amused as he seated himself in the place Jem had vacated.

"So that secret has found its way out," he said at last.

"Then there is a secret," I exclaimed, my mystery-loving soul fully roused, and forgetting in my sudden interest my previous embarrassment. "Please tell me about it."

"It is quite a long story," he said, "but if you wish I will tell it to you, and you can judge for yourself how these rustics exaggerate.

"I suppose Jem's treasure-stone was of untold value, was it not? Well, it was in one sense but not exactly in the light in which he thinks. Now for my story—

"Some years ago, at one of the windows of that old castle, a young girl, about the age that you are now, was seated, looking dolefully out on the shining waters of the bay.

"She was the only child of General Trevarden, and had incurred her father's displeasure.

"The general had always petted and humored his motherless daughter, though a rigid disciplinarian to all the other members of his family, keeping a kind of military discipline about the place, although no longer an army officer.

"So it came all the harder to Imogen now to be treated harshly, as it was her first experience of anything of the sort.

"General Trevarden had from his early youth cherished a friendship with a brother officer, and now that he and his friend were growing old he wished to cement their ties by a union between Warde Grahame, the colonel's only son, and Imogen, his only daughter and heiress.

"But the fates had willed it otherwise, for the young lady had exchanged love-tokens with her cousin Eugene, whom she declared to be the sole possessor of her heart, and whom alone she would marry.

"It was a great surprise to General Trevarden to find that Imogen had a will of her own with regard to the disposal of her hand.

"He had never before seen a flash of defiance in her eyes; but as he assumed a menacing, dictatorial tone to Imogen, she looked every inch her father's child in the air of undaunted resolution with which she raised her proud little head to meet the storm of angry words.

"'I will not marry a man whom I do not love,' she said, 'and I love my cousin Eugene.'

"'We will see whose will is law, my fine young lady,' replied the general, almost bursting with anger.

"'Eugene shall leave the castle. You shall not meet again; I will see to that.'

"The general kept his word.

"Eugene was banished, and Imogen was kept under constant surveillance.

"The general, relying upon the faithful observance of orders among his servants, preferred not to let the members of his household know that Imogen was in disgrace, and contented himself with thus keeping her a prisoner for the short time during which he thought she would remain firm to her resolution to resist his will.

"Soon after the unsatisfactory interview with his daughter, General Trevarden had left home, and was still absent.

"Imogen was in one sense a prisoner.

"The password was unknown to her, and the sentries' orders had been so strict that without it, favorite though she was, Imogen knew it would be useless to attempt to pass them.

"It was natural that she should be very indignant at such treatment, and it needed but the letter received from her father that morning to drive her to some desperate step.

"The spirit of the communication was that unless she had come to her senses, and was prepared to receive the young man who was to return with him as her future husband, he would put her upon an allowance of bread and water, and keep her in solitary confinement in her own room.

"It was enough.

"In her hasty farewell interview with Eugene, he had impressed upon her that he feared the worst from the general's anger, and if he was so harsh to her that she could no longer endure it, she must hang out a signal to call him to her relief.

"Even now, in her excitement, as Imogen caught up a crimson scarf, she hesitated before she fastened it to her window, for the flutter of that silken pennant would mean flight, and it caused grave misgivings as to whether she were doing right or wrong to pass through her mind.

"But a glance at her father's letter decided her, and though her fingers trembled so that the wind almost caught the gauzy thing away from them, she tied it on a projecting hook which had been put there to hang a bird's cage on.

"But here come the ladies—your mamma, and sisters, and Miss Vere.

"I will finish my little history to-morrow, Miss Mabel—that is, if you are sufficiently interested to care to listen."

And Mr. Chiltern rose and joined the group, who had as usual been invisible in their state-rooms since lunch time, and now appeared, smiling and refreshed, and in toilettes suited to the time and place.

How glad I felt that, being only a child (as sister Blanche called me,) fashion as yet had not made me her slave.

My dress of dark blue flannel, with its trimmings of black, relieved by silver anchors on the broad sailor collar and cuffs, was only exchanged for others equally unpretentious during the trip.

I waited impatiently enough for the next day, and for the hour which was to bring Mr. Chiltern to conclude his story.

He came at last.

"Good day, Miss Mabel," he said, pleasantly.

"I wonder if the interest looking out of those bright eyes is because you are glad to see the story-teller or to hear the story?,'

If it had been Blanche, instead of me, she would have said something very nice and graceful, but I answered, unhesitatingly—

"Of course it's the story I want to hear; but please tell me, Mr. Chiltern, when you will get to that wonderful stone? I have been thinking about it all night."

"So your are not interested in poor Imogen's trials? What a heartless girl."

I looked up, and saw by the smile in Mr. Chiltern's eyes that he did not really mean it, so I smiled in return, and said—

"Please hurry, or you'll be interrupted again before you finish."

"Good story-tellers always reserve the events in their narratives for the right place, Miss Mabel," he said, with a dignity contradicted by the merry sparkle of his big, black eyes; "and when the right place comes, the 'stone' will be in it.

"Let me see. We had just reached when Imogen had hung out the crimson scarf.

"Within the last few weeks a graceful craft had been cruising about within sight of the castle.

"As it was nothing unusual for the time of year, she had attracted no particular attention.

"But one morning as Imogen was seated at the window, an arrow had winged its way past her, and buried its point in the casement.

"Attached to its feathered shaft was a note from Eugene, which had sent a wild thrill of gladness pulsing through the heart which had been so heavy and full of sadness of late.

"An answer soon came to her signal—again by arrow-flight.

"Thus it ran—

"'DARLING—To night at midnight (if all goes right) the coast will be clear. Fly then to your

"'EUGENE.'

"Although wondering by what means Eugene could manage the sentries, Imogen had such confidence in him that she made her preparations, and at the appointed time, accompanied by her faithful maid, stole down to the entrance of the castle, and found herself in her lover's arms.

"Another hour and they were on board the stranger craft, and Imogen had bid adieu to her dear old home, perhaps for ever.

"Some time elapsed before they set sail. They were evidently waiting for an addition to their number.

"But soon after the sound of measured oar-strokes caught the ear, and a boat came along side.

"From it was lifted with great care, and also with much merriment, a huge stone.

"Then a youth followed it.

"Imogen recognized him as Eugene's most intimate friend, and as she returned his greeting a momentary feeling of annoyance at the intrusion of a stranger was visible on her speaking face.

"But it passed away as she listened to his next remark to Eugene.

"'Grey,' he said laughingly, 'I propose that you have that unwieldy treasure made much of, for it has cost me no end of talking. Turn it into a monument to celebrate the "Triumph of True Love;" have it polished, and keep it as a memorial of what one friend did for another.'

"'I will,' said Eugene heartily, wringing his hand until her cried out; 'and if I can ever return the favor I will be at your service.'

"'Thank you,' answered his friend, 'but my heart is an unimpressible one. I fear I never shall see the maiden fair for whom I would take so much trouble, now that Miss Trevarden is won,' with a gallant bow to Imogen.

"'Well put in,' answered Eugene. 'But now you must tell us how you managed those stiff old sentries.'

"'With the help of a few gold pieces, stimulated by a laudable desire to aid in the cause of science. Mind you, they hadn't the least idea they were doing anything to offend the general. I give them the credit for being true as steel to him.

"'But I pulled a face as long as I could, and told the honest fellows that I was very fond of experiments (which is true,) and that I had heard that the pavement surrounding the castle was made of a species of stone which might prove the basis of chemical experiments of a very interesting nature.

"'Would they let me have a block of it, and also assist me in dislodging it and in getting it aboard the row-boat? They should in that case be well paid for their labor. The bait took.

"'I was very particular about the shape and size, and you may be sure the one I selected was not alone large enough to require some time in the manual labor it required to unearth it, but also well removed from the scene of your intended "flitting."'

"Now, Miss Mabel," said Mr. Chiltern, "you have heard the history of the stone, and can see on how small a basis wonderful treasures can grow."

"But did Eugene and Imogen marry, and did the general forgive them?" I asked.

"Ah, you are a little interested in my pair of lovers then? Yes, they married, and, after a time, were forgiven, and are now living in Castle Lone."

"But you did not mention the name of Eugene's friend," I said.

Mr. Chiltern answered with a half laugh—

"I believe a criminal is never obliged to declare his guilt. It has to be proven."

"I thought so," I exclaimed.

"It was you yourself, and that's how you come to know so much about it."

"Your penetration does credit to you, Miss Mabel. Ah, Miss Leigh"—for 'sister Blanche had come upon deck, and was regarding us with a surprise look—"while you have been indulging in your siesta, I have been entertaining your sister with a story."

"A fairy tale probably if it interested her, as that is the kind the child most affects," answered Blanche, tapping my cheek lightly with her fan.

"'The child,' as you call her," said Mr. Chiltern, "did me the compliment of appearing to like my story.

"But it was not a made up one. It was true, and about the triumph of faithful love."

"You surprise me," and Blanche's sweet voice took a sarcastic tone.

"I had no idea Mr. Chiltern could lend himself to such nonsense. Mabel, mamma wishes you to come to her."

Blanche was evidently displeased at something.

But it was nothing unusual, so I did not give the matter much thought at the moment.

As time passed on though, and Mr. Chiltern continued his kind attentions to "the child," and when later on he asked mamma's permission to marry me if he could succeed in winning my love, it all became clear to my heretofore obtuse understanding.

For Blanche had made no secret of her intention to captivate him.

Now however that she has secured a titled husband she has ceased to envy me my dark-eyed lover, for Horace Chiltern and I are to be married as soon as mamma thinks me old enough.

I love him with my whole heart, but I never can see what he found in my face to attract the passionate devotion which shows itself in every look which he turns towards me.

On our bridal trip he has promised to take me to Castle Lone and introduce me to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Grey.

Winning A Wager.

BY HENRY FAITH.

HA, ha, ha! it'll be such a joke!" and Richard Strout gave himself an approving wink as he stood before the glass in admiring contemplation of a complicated bow, accomplished at the expense of vast mental effort, and the crush and ruin of half-a-dozen cravats.

It was the evening of Mrs. Dazzitt's ball. All Richmond—at least all the fashion of it—would be there, and Mr. Richard Strout had gotten himself up with special reference to outshining even his own brilliant self.

He was to be the escort of Miss Coryphe Wilton, the beauty of Richmond, and only daughter of a rich retired banker, who might any day succumb to a benignly providential stroke of apoplexy.

In the race in which the stake was the lady and her fortune, Richard Strout was sure he held the best place.

It was plain to his eyes that she was deeply smitten—how could she help it, for that matter? Wasn't he, the aforesaid Richard, simply irresistible?

He hadn't just popped the question yet, but there was plenty of time for that; he would do it in due season; and when he did, he had no misgivings as to what would be the answer.

Having the fish already securely hooked, like a true Waltonian he would enjoy playing it awhile.

But what was the joke Mr. Strout was contemplating jointly with the wonderful bow of his cravat?

Let him unfold it to Miss Coryphe himself as they meet in her father's drawing-room, preparatory to starting to the ball.

"See here, Corie," he said, touching her elbow with a finger miraculously gloved; "I've got a little job for you."

"What is it, most noble Dick?"

"To tame a bear."

"Must I begin now?" she asked, with a roguish look which seemed to intimate that the subject to be operated on might not be a thousand miles away.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Richard, not quite heartily: "present company, you know, is excepted.

"The particular grizzly on which I would have you exercise your docile powers is not here, but will be at the ball to-night. You have heard me mention Bruce Dandridge," he began.

"The bore and bookworm?"

"Yes."

"And woman hater?"

"Exactly; how well you remember!"

"A man too bashful to kiss his own mother, I think I've heard you say. Well, what of this dried specimen of yours?"

"He's visiting some friends here in Richmond, and, as I said, will be at Mrs. Dazzlitt's ball to-night."

"And he's your——"

"Bear," added Richard; "you've hit it straight."

"Now, Corie," he continued, "I've laid a wager with Charley Brace, an old college friend of Bruce Dandridge's and mine, that if Bruce can be induced to consent to an introduction to you, he'll fall in love and propose within a fortnight. Won't you help me to win?"

"You don't want me to court him, do you?" Coryphe replied; "you know it isn't leap-year."

"No; but if you'll play the agreeable, I think I'll stand a chance.

"I know it's heavy odds, but it proves my confidence in your charms."

"Well, trot out your monster and let me see him," said Coryphe, buttoning the do. enth button of her right glove, which completed her preparations for departure.

Mrs. Dazzlitt's spacious rooms were already crammed when the fair Coryphe entered with her beau.

The belle of Richmond never appeared to better advantage; and Richard Strout's heart swelled with pride at the consuming envy gleaming from the circle of masculine eyes of which he and his beautiful charge were the centre.

"I see him now," whispered Richard, when he and Coryphe had paid their *devoirs* to the mistress of the mansion; "let me bring him at once, that no time may be lost."

"Miss Wilton, Mr. Dandridge," said Richard, returning and presenting a tall and singularly handsome gentleman, who colored deeply, but, in spite of his confusion, did and said the right things without a bit of awkwardness.

Richard slipped away and left the two together.

A quadrille was forming.

Bruce Dandridge could do no less than ask the lady to join him in it.

"I fear, Miss Wilton, you will find me an indifferent partner," he apologised; "should I make mistakes, I must trust to you to set them right."

He did make several mistakes at first, but Coryphe corrected them so pleasantly that his embarrassment was trifling, and soon quite wore off; and after a few turns, his mathematical head so completely mastered the figure that none would have known but he had taken a "double first" at Monsieur Caricole's dancing academy.

The quadrille over, Mr. Dandridge led Coryphe to a seat and engaged her in a conversation in which both seemed deeply interested.

"Isn't she doing beautifully?" said Dick to himself, looking on from a distance, and noting the encouraging looks with which Coryphe drew Bruce out, and the brilliant light that shone in the latter's eyes as they met those of his listener.

They had another dance, and another talk together longer than the first.

"By George, it's going on swimmingly!" Dick mentally ejaculated.

"I must manage to have him see her home. At this rate I shall win far inside of time."

Approaching and casting a meaning look at Coryphe—

"Would you mind if I went home and left you in Mr. Dandridge's care?" he asked. "I—I've been taken with a racking headache. I'm sure I owe Bruce here no apology for affording him a real pleasure."

Mr. Strout was excused, and as it almost seemed to him, with thanks.

Next day, when he called to hear Coryphe's report of progress, he was gratified to find that Bruce Dandridge had preceeded him.

It nearly looked as if his own coming had disturbed a *tete-a-tete*.

Mr. Strout couldn't help rubbing his hands in silent glee.

He made but a brief stay.

He was far too shrewd to mar his chances by trenching on the rule that "two's company."

"Isn't she a trump!" he cried, as he walked home exultant.

And day after day, as Richard renewed his visits, he found Coryphe and Bruce together.

It almost seemed as if it was the same conversation continued.

"Won't Charley Brace and Bruce Dandridge," he chuckled, "look like a precious pair of noodles when the one hears his money jingling in my pocket, and I've married Coryphe under the other's nose?"

Business called Richard Strout to the city for a few days.

He sent a note to Coryphe exhorting her to "keep it up lively," hinting that on his return he should have a secret of his own to disclose, the nature of which she had probably long ago surmised.

Dick and Charley Bruce had agreed that their wager should be left to Coryphe's decision, for reasons of delicacy to be communicated secretly; and Dick went away convinced that good news would await his return.

Three days sufficed for his business in the city; and Dick was taking a parting stroll down the Strand to kill the hours till train-time.

He stopped suddenly.

From the door of a hotel a lady and gentleman came out, and were about entering a carriage having a pile of trunks on the top.

"Hallos, Dick!" cried Bruce Dandridge, on whose arm hung Coryphe, blushing like a rose.

"Sorry my wife and I didn't meet you sooner."

"Your wi——" Dick couldn't finish the word.

"Yes.

"It was a quiet little affair, you see—no cards—no fuss—and now we're on our way to the steamer for a quiet little wedding trip to Paris. But by-by, old fellow—time's up."

What it was that Dick muttered we won't pretend to say.

If it was a congratulation it stuck in his throat.

Coryphe waved her hand from the carriage window, and Dick Strout turned away with a mumbled malediction on the sex.

He had won his bet, but lost the prize he most had coveted.

Two coquettes met a gentleman in the street. "What!" said one, "you passed him without bowing? You certainly were in love with him yesterday." "Yes, for about an hour. I fancied that he resembled somebody with whom I was in love for a week last year."

A Painter's Vengeance.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

THIRTY years ago the Belgian painter, Antoine Wiertz, was astonishing the artistic world by the powerful but extravagant productions which are now exhibited at Brussels in the Museum which bears his name.

Though his brush was generally occupied with classical subjects, or weird allegorical designs such as the "Contest between Good and Evil," he occasionally consented to paint portraits.

This was a favor, however, which he only accorded to those whose physiognomy happened to interest him.

It may be added that his taste inclined rather to the grotesque and eccentric than the beautiful.

One day he received a visit from a certain M. van Spach, a notary, who had been seized with the desire to have his features perpetuated by the celebrated artist.

M. van Spach—a dry, wrinkled, keen eyed old gentleman, with an expression of mingled shrewdness and self-importance—was one of the wealthiest men in Brussels, and as avaricious as he was rich.

A characteristic which had procured him the nickname of "Maitre Harpagon."

Wiertz was aware of his visitor's failings.

Nevertheless he acceded to his request without demur.

The fact was, he had been conquered at first sight by the old scrivener's picturesque head.

That head was a perfect treasure to an artist, with its bald cranium, wrinkled forehead, shaggy brows overhanging the small piercing eyes, hooked nose, and thin-lipped mouth, which shut like a trap.

Wiertz was fascinated, and while his visitor was pompously explaining his wishes, the artist was taking mental note of every line and feature.

"How much will the portrait cost?" was the notary's cautious inquiry.

"My terms are ten thousand francs, Monsieur," was the reply.

The lawyer started, stared incredulously, shrugged his shoulders, and took up his hat.

"In that case," he answered drily, "I have only to wish you good morning."

Alarmed at the prospect of losing this promising "subject," whom he had already in imagination transferred to canvas, Wiertz hastened to add:

"Those are my usual terms; but as your face interests me, I am willing to make a reduction in your favor.

"Suppose we say five thousand?"

But M. van Spach still objected, urging that such a sum was exorbitant for a "strip of painted canvas."

At length, after much bargaining and hesitation, he agreed to pay three thousand francs for the portrait—"frame included;" and this being settled, he rose to take leave.

"When am I to give you the first sitting?" he inquired.

"There is no hurry," replied the artist, who had his own intentions regarding this portrait.

"I am somewhat occupied just now, but will let you know when I have a morning at liberty.

"Au revoir!"

The moment his visitor had left the studio Wiertz seized palette and brushes, placed a fresh piece of canvas on his easel, and dashed in the outlines of the portrait from memory.

He painted as if for a wager, while the summer daylight lasted.

Thanks to his marvellous rapidity of execution, when evening came the picture was all but finished.

He had represented the old Notary seated at a table, strewn with papers and parchments, his full face turned towards the spectator.

The head was brought out in masterly relief against a shadowed background, and painted in the artist's best style; bold, free and unconventional, showing no signs of its hurried execution.

The likeness was striking in its fidelity, giving not only the features, but the character and expression of the original, so that the canvas seemed instinct with life.

The following morning Wiertz gave the finishing touches to his work, put it in a frame, and despatched it to M. van Spach.

He instructed the messenger to wait for an answer.

He rubbed his hands with pleasure as he pictured the old man's delight and astonishment, and anticipated the sensation which this tour de force would create in artistic circles.

In due time the messenger returned—with the picture in one hand, and a note in the other.

Wiertz hastily dismissed him, opened the letter, and read as follows:—

"SIR,—I beg to return your extraordinary production, which I cannot suppose is intended for my portrait, as it bears no sort of resemblance to me.

"In art, as in everything else, I like to have my money's worth for my money, and I do not choose to pay you the sum of three thousand *francs* for one afternoon's work.

"As you do not consider me worth the trouble of painting seriously, I must decline any further transactions with you, and remain,

"Your obediently,

"PETER VAN SPACH."

When the artist recovered from his astonishment at this remarkable epistle, he burst into a fit of laughter which made the studio ring.

"His money's worth—ha! ha!

"Maitre Harpagon has over-reached himself for once.

"He could have sold it for five times what it cost him—the benighted old Philistine!"

He placed the rejected picture once more on the easel, and regarded it long and critically, only to become more convinced of its merit.

He knew art-judges would pronounce it a chef-d'œuvre.

His amusement began to give place to irritation at the indignity to which his work had been subjected, and vague projects of vengeance rose before him as he paced the floor, with bent head and knitted brows.

Suddenly he stopped short, his eyes sparkled with mischievous satisfaction at an idea which had suddenly occurred to him.

He took up his palette, and set to work upon the picture again, adroitly altering and retouching.

In an incredibly short space of time it underwent a startling metamorphosis.

While carefully preserving the likeness, he had altered the face by exaggerating its characteristics; giving a cunning leer to the deeply set eyes, a grimmer curve to the thin lips, and a scowl to the heavy brows.

A stubbly beard appeared on the chin, and the attitude became dropping and decrepit.

Then the notary's accessories vanished, the background becoming the wall of a cell, with a barred window.

While the table, with its litter of papers and parchments, was transformed into a rough bench, beneath which might be discerned a pitcher and a loaf.

When this was achieved to his satisfaction, the artist signed his work, and gummed on the frame a conspicuous label, with the inscription:—

"Imprisoned for Debt."

Then he sent for a carriage, and drove to Melchior's, the well-known picture dealer in the Rue de la Madeleine, whose window offers such constant attraction to lovers of art.

"I have something to show you," began Wiertz.

"I have just finished this study, which I think is fairly successful.

"Can you find room for it in your window?"

"Find room for it?

"I should think so!" replied the dealer, enthusiastically.

"My dear fellow, it is first-rate!

"I have seen nothing of yours more striking and original—and that is saying much.

"What price do you put upon it?" he asked.

"I have not yet decided," replied the artist.

"Give it a good place in the window, and if a purchaser presents himself let me know."

The picture was instantly installed in the place of honor, and soon attracted a curious group.

All day Melchoir's window was surrounded.

Next morning the papers noticed the wonderful picture, and sent fresh crowds to gaze at it.

Among the rest was a friend of Maitre van Spach, who could hardly believe his eyes on recognising the worthy notary in this "questionable shape."

He hastened at once to inform him of the liberty which had been taken with his person.

Not long afterwards the old lawyer burst into the shop, startling the proprietor, who at once recognised the original of the famous picture.

"Mr. Melchior," began the intruder, "I have been made the victim of a shameful practical joke by one of your clients.

"It is my portrait, sir, that hangs in your window.

"It is I, sir—I, Maitre van Spach—who am held up to ridicule in that infamous daub—pilloried for all the world to see as an imprisoned bankrupt!

"If the thing is not at once removed, I shall apply to the police."

At this threat the picture dealer merely smiled.

"I must refer you to the artist, Monsieur," he returned, coolly.

"The picture belongs to him, and I cannot remove it without his permission."

To Wiertz's house went Maitre van Spach, in a white heat of rage and indignation.

On entering the studio, he found the painter lounging in an arm-chair, smoking his afternoon cigar.

"Ah, it is you, Maitre?" was his bland greeting.

"To what fortunate circumstance am I indebted for this visit?

"Pray take a seat.

"Do you smoke?

"You will find those cigars excellent."

"Monsieur," interrupted the notary, cutting short these courtesies with scant ceremony.

"Let us come to the point.

"There is at this moment in Melchoir's window a picture—a caricature—which makes me the laughing stock of the town.

"I insist on its being taken out at once, do you understand?"

"Not quite," replied the other imperturbably.

"It is true there is a picture of mine at Melchior's, but I really don't see how it makes you ridiculous."

"You don't see?

"But that picture is my portrait, sir—my portrait!"

"Your portrait?" echoed the other, with a look of surprise.

"Of course it is, any one can see it at a glance.

"You——"

"But—excuse me," the painter interrupted, "you said yesterday that it did not resemble you in the least.

"See—here is your letter to that effect."

Van Spach colored and bit his lip. He felt that he was caught.

"Such being the case," continued Wiertz, "and the work being returned on my hands, I have a perfect right to dispose of it to the best advantage."

The notary took a turn across the room, to recover his composure.

"Come," he said, at length, "let us try to arrange this ridiculous affair amicably.

"I will give you the three thousand francs at once, and take the horrible thing out of the window——"

"Stay a moment," interrupted his companion, as he flicked the ashes from his cigar, and carelessly changed his position.

"You must be aware that the picture in its present shape is ten times more valuable than a mere portrait.

"It is now a work of imagination and invention and I may own that I consider it one of my most successful canvases.

"I could not think of parting with it for less than fifteen thousand francs."

The notary gasped.

"Fifteen thousand francs!

"You are joking!"

"Not at all.

"That is my price; you may take it or leave it."

There was a moment's pause.

Then Maitre van Spach turned on his heel.

"I leave it, then!

"Go to the deuce with your picture!" he retorted, as he left the room, banging the door behind him.

He had not gone many yards from the house, however, when he stopped short and reflected.

So long as that ill-omened canvas remained on view in Melchoir's window he would not know a moment's peace.

The story would be sure to get wind, and even his friends would join in the laugh against him.

He would hardly dare to show his face abroad.

At any sacrifice, this scandal must be stopped.

But fifteen thousand francs!

He fairly groaned as he retraced his steps towards the house.

"Monsieur Wiertz," he began, in a conciliatory tone, "I have reconsidered the matter, and—and I agree to your terms.

"I will take your picture for the sum you named."

Monsieur Wiertz threw away his cigar, and rose.

"Monsieur, you are very kind.

"But it happens that I, too, have been considering, and a brilliant idea has occurred to me."

The notary shuddered.

He dreaded Weirtz's "ideas" and he had a presentiment that some fresh disaster was in store for him.

"What is that?" he asked.

"As my picture seems to have made a sensation, I think I shall advertise it to be raffled for at five francs a ticket, and, that all the town may have a chance of seeing it, I shall hire a commissionaire to carry it through the streets for a day or two.

"Not a bad notion, eh?"

Maitre van Spach was speechless with consternation.

"You—you would not do that?" he stammered.

"Why not?

"I am confident the plan would succeed—so confident that I wouldn't give it up for less than thirty thousand francs—money down."

The unfortunate notary burst into a cold perspiration, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

To see himself trotted round Brussels on a porter's back, labelled "Imprisoned for Debt!"

It was like a horrible nightmare.

"Here," he exclaimed, desperately, taking out his pocket-book—"here is a cheque for the amount.

"For heaven's sake, let me have the picture, and I will say no more about it."

Half an hour afterwards the detestable canvas was in his possession.

It was not until he had cut it out of the frame and burnt it to ashes that he felt himself safe from some fresh manifestation of the painter's vengeance.

Meantime, Wiertz cashed the cheque, and after deducting the sum of ten thousand francs—the price he had first demanded—forwarded the rest to the charitable fund of the town in the name of Maitre van Spach.

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A Handful of Grass.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"A DAUGHTER of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," quoted my friend Jack Norris as I stood beside him, a little apart from and out of the crush at Mrs. Ellerby's reception.

And I turned quite eagerly at his words, for Jack was not much given to enthusiasm about feminine beauty, and I was curious to see the goddess who had called forth such a panegyric.

She was certainly handsome enough, and in some charming indescribable way, attractive enough to justify his admiration.

Tall, slender, graceful; simply and inexpensively attired in black, to which her exquisite rose-and-lily skin, and her profusion of bright golden hair, gave an admirable relief and brightness, she was the cynosure of all eyes as she passed quietly and gracefully up the long room and seated herself at the piano.

Mrs. Ellerby came forward and spoke to her, but I noticed that she introduced her to no one, and presently, after a few preliminary notes upon the instrument, her voice arose upon the lull of conversation which her entrance had caused, sweet and clear as the song of a bird.

"Who is she?" was the universal question.

Mrs. Ellerby was inclined to be somewhat reserved about the matter.

An old friend and schoolfellow of her own, whom reverses of fortune—occasioned by her father's failure and death—had left dependent upon her musical talents for support.

"And not herself alone, but her mother has to be provided for," sighed Mrs. Ellerby.

"Poor Rose!"

"She ought to have more than a support.

"She may command fame and fortune with her beauty and such a voice," said Jack Norris earnestly.

"Pray has she thought of going on the stage?"

He moved away with Mrs. Ellerby, so that I did not hear her answer, and as I looked after him I indulged in a knowing smile.

I was a foolish young fellow in those days, long years ago, and looked up to Jack who was several years my senior, as a model to be copied and a hero to be sworn by.

Chiefly because, while an acknowledged favorite of the sex he had hitherto been found proof against all their wiles and charms, "charm they never so wisely."

But I smiled to myself as he passed out of my sight, and I marked his earnest tone and look of interest.

"He is caught at last," I said in my heart, very knowingly.

I said it with more reason some two months later, when I met him, in the company of Miss Rose Lestrange, walking along Piccadilly.

He was too much engaged with his companion to be aware of me, and this time I added to my former sage observation—

"He is certainly done for."

I ventured to speak to him about the matter then next time.

An older man than myself might have hesitated before he intruded upon Jack's private affairs, but I knew that he would both take more from me and confide more in me than he would in older and wiser people.

"You are certainly in love in earnest at last, Jack," I said to him, and told him how I had met him the other day, myself unseen.

He looked startled at first, and then smiled.

A curious, uneasy, doubtful smile, I thought.

"In love in earnest," he repeated musingly.

"Yes, I suppose I am, Robert.

"If there is such a thing as meeting one's fate, I've met mine in Rose Lestrange—

"I've said to myself, 'I certainly must love her, or why should I even wish that our marriage could be possible?' Eh?"

I stared at him.

"Isn't it possible?" I said.

"Why, how can it be?" he answered, with some irritation.

"A poor devil of a literary hack, like myself, can't take upon himself the responsibilities of marriage.

"I shouldn't like my wife to be on the stage, to begin with, and yet what right have I to ask her to sacrifice what may, and will, be a brilliant career, for such a humdrum existence as my wife's must be."

"Heavens! what a sacrifice!

"But women look at things so differently," I ventured to suggest.

"I don't suppose she would think anything a sacrifice that secured your love; that is of course if she loves you."

He moved in his seat restlessly, with a hard inarticulate inexpressible word.

"Ah, yes she loves me, he said, with a sigh that was almost a groan.

"Poor child she loves me.

I watched him curiously as he ran his fingers over his broad white forehead, as if he tried to brush away a load of care.

"She thinks she can teach, music and help me along," he said, sadly and bitterly.

"We know what that amounts to in practice when a lady consents.

"And there is her mother to be cared for—oh, it would never do.

"I think I certainly love the girl if I could, there's no love in my nature—but a fellow like me can't crush ambition out, can't hide his candle under a bushel for love's sake.

"I suppose"—slowly and with a certain shame—"I suppose it will be my doom to marry, not for preference at all, but just because the girl has money."

A sudden comprehension came to me.

"Miss Fergus, for instance?" I said, and I couldn't keep contempt out of my voice.

He heard it, and turned red, but answered nothing.

"A horrid old maid who has 'riches galore' and nothing else to recommend herself.

"Well, I should never have thought that choice possible to you Jack.

"But after all I don't believe you are in earnest.

"Why, any one to see you with Miss Lestrange the other day would have been ready to swear you were already engaged."

He looked at me with something of defiance, and spoke shortly and sullenly enough—

"The fact is that we are engaged," he said, "and that's the very truth of it."

Now although Jack was my senior, and I admired him much, I had my own ideas of honor, and of right and wrong.

I was also, being quite young, very impulsive.

No sooner did I grasp the meaning of my hero's words than I arose.

"You talk like a real scoundrel," I said hotly.

"I like you too well to listen to you any longer, so good-bye.

"Being engaged to the lady, and assured of her love, you will, I am certain, take the only course open to an honorable man, and marry her.

"Good-bye until you send me an invitation to the wedding.

And off I went indignatly.

The invitation to Jack's wedding came some three months later.

It was a grand affair.

The world laughed at, flattered, despised, and envied him.

The bride was Janet Fergus, a rich old maid.

I was not there.

I tried to gain some tidings of Rose Lestrange.

Mrs. Ellerby could only tell me that she and her mother had disappeared.

"I think she had some great grief of late," she said, "that she wanted to hide and conquer, and so she has gone away for a while.

"Ah, well, she will get over it.

"Too many men will sue at my beauty's shrine some day for her to break her true heart over one of them."

As if the whole world of men could compensate for the loss of the one beloved.

I knew instinctively that there would be no forgetfulness for Rose Lestrange.

For ten years I never heard of her, nor met my former friend.

He had prospered exceedingly; I knew that.

The former "literary hack," was now the editor of a successful magazine, which his wife's money had founded.

One day he came suddenly behind me in the street and touched my shoulder.

"Bert," said he, "shake hands, old man, for old times' sake, though I was a scoundrel."

I shook hands with him.

A great change in him so touched me that all my old regard revived.

He looked worn and old.

His voice had a sad tone.

An air of indescribable weariness and regret was on him.

"I spoke hastily," I said to him.

"I was young and warm-hearted.

"You had a right I suppose to choose your own path in life, and it has been a successful one."

"Over thorns," he said quietly.

"I was what you called me, Bert, out of your honest heart—a scoundrel!"

"More, I was a fool.

"I took the husk and threw away the kernel.

"If I could only have known that I really loved her, and comprehended all that a real love means!

"I knew too late.

"I am punished.

"Ah!" with a singular pathos in his quiet tones, "Heaven knows I am punished enough."

Our old friendship was renewed, and grew closer than before.

I think the real fact that I had taken Rose's part against himself endeared me to him.

I knew as no other could what her love was like which he had so lightly cast away.

I saw how little we think of the future and make an idol of a mistress or a wife—how a violent jealous temper kept perpetual storms brewing, and for an utter absence in the closest relations of life of all tender sympathy and love.

The bondage was not to last very long however.

Six months after our meeting Mrs. Norris had the pain of hearing a great specialist declare, with

By a strange coincidence I was present at Mrs. Ellerby's [illegible] when I saw Rose Lestrange once more after many years.

It was from [illegible]

He came up to me [illegible] and had a paper with [illegible] and came out of her apparently [illegible]

I heard in a few [illegible] was excited, [illegible]

"But you hear of my wife's death?"

"[illegible]

"[illegible]

"I have followed her career for years past though I never told even you, and it is she.

"Oh, Bert, if after all she should have loved me well enough to forgive the past; if after all these miserable years a possibility of happiness remains to me!

"Do such things ever happen in real life?

"Let us go and see her this evening; she will bear no ill-will towards you at least."

She bore no ill-will towards either of us.

Hers was the gentle womanly nature to which the bitterness of sorrow is as a wholesome tonic draught.

Strengthening and purifying, but never souring, the heart.

We were received at the close of the opera in her dressing-room.

I watched her when her grave beautiful eyes first fell on her recreant lover's face.

I saw how quick they were to note the change in him, and how it moved her soul to pity and forgiveness.

There was something in her look—in her voice when she addressed him—in her very manner of giving him her hand—that assured me he was wholly forgiven.

We talked of this and that.

Avoiding topics nearest to the heart.

She was far more beautiful and sweet—far more worth winning to-day, I thought, than the lovely, blooming girl of nineteen had been ten years ago.

I found myself wondering at the strange kindness fate had shown to my friend, who having met with this pearl in the ocean of life, and recklessly cast it away, was going to have it restored to his keeping once more.

"For that will be the end of it, of course," I decided mentally.

"She loves him still, though half unconsciously.

"Very soon the old affection will revive, all the stronger and deeper for the sorrow that quenched it years ago.

"Jack is a lucky fellow—luckier than he deserves, perhaps, and yet—he has suffered enough."

It appeared not though, from the sequel.

He was listening to her, gazing at her with a brighter face than he had worn for years past, and with his whole soul in his eyes.

I think it was something in his expression that must have startled her, and made her say suddenly—apropos of nothing at all, but with a burning blush.

"I heard of your marriage, Mr. Norris, years ago; your wife——"

He leant forward, and with sudden excitement, laid a hand upon her round white arm.

"But you hear of my wife's death?" he asked.

I saw her features change.

A sudden paleness chased the blush away, and gazing at him, the old soft love light dawned in her startled eyes—she drew back shrinkingly, and clasped her hands.

"Dead!" she murmured.

"Oh, my Heaven, what have we done with our lives?

"Dead!

"And you are——"

"Free!" he cried.

"And, oh, Rose, need I tell you how I have repented of the past?

"What day has there been through these long ten years in which I have not thought of you, longed for you, loved you, to my punishment, my misery, and despair? Oh Rose, my love!"

They had forgotten my presence.

I saw him seize her hands and cover them with kisses—saw her draw them away and rise—white, agitated, trembling.

"You must not, you must not; it is too late, you do not know——" she murmured, and then the door suddenly flew open.

An elderly gentleman entered—a quiet pleasant-looking man, who bowed, to the lady and her friends and said, kindly, foreign grace.

"Pardon!" he said affably, to us all; then addressing Rose—"Whenever you are ready, my dear, the carriage waits; but do not let me interrupt you."

She went to him instantly and clung to his arm. I thought as one in peril might cling to a steadfast rock; there was a disturbance in her beautiful face that mirrored the trouble of her soul.

Had her old love come back, from a dead past into the loving present, to wreck her happiness a second time?

I feared so—for, in some deep true hearts the first love, though it may sleep, will never die—and of that number was hers.

Honor, purity, self-respect, the love of many, would be hers, but what of contentment? what of peace?

Alas!

I fear she will know these no more, until her aching, yearning heart shall fall asleep again.

"This is my husband," she said tremulously; then to him—"Ernest, the gentlemen are valued friends, but to-night, because I am not well at all, they will excuse us.

"Good night, dear old friends," than with one and lingering look at Jack's white face—"and good-bye!"

I hadn't a word of comfort for Jack when we came out into the street; nor had he one of complaint.

Silently he offered me his hand.

"You want to be alone," I said.

"All right, dear old fellow," and he turned and left me.

Next morning he left the city, and remained abroad with Mrs. Norris [illegible] ment ended.

I was at the opera often, and always noted how her beautiful eyes ignited at sight of me, wistful, eager, looking for one who never came.

Once only she asked me, "Where is he?" and when when I answered, "He has gone away," the soft eyes swam with tears.

"So best!" she sighed.

"May Heaven give him what is denied to me—forgetfulness."

Not one reproach.

She would have had him happy, if she could, although he had blighted her happiness.

This was four years ago—Jack, wholly absorbed in business cares—heaping up wealth which no wife or child will share—never spoke of her, and might have forgotten her, for all I know—I myself had well-nigh done so—when, last night, a paragraph in an evening paper recalled her to memory.

She had died in some southern city, and the paper described her funeral.

Poor sweet Rose.

This morning Jack came into my office, looking haggard, worn, and pale; I put the paper before him without a word.

He glanced at it, and turned his eyes away, then arose and stood looking out of the window towards the sky.

"I was there, Bert," he said quietly.

"I stood by when they lowered my darling into her grave.

"I've just come back.

"Do you know what I thought while they were burying her?

"I thought of what you called me fifteen years ago.

"If I had been an honorable man, my darling might have been living and happy to-day, and I—oh Heaven, I might have had a wife whom I adored, a home that would have seemed like heaven, children to cheer and comfort my latter days, instead of this."

He pulled out a folded paper from his breast and showed me its contents—a handful of grass from her grave.

I was silent; what could I say to comfort him, when he had spoken the truth?

An old line floated through my memory, "Let him who meets with a pearl in the ocean of life, take heed how he casts it away."

Poor Jack! remorse came all too late, nor will time comfort him, for now his youth and hey-day are past, and a lonely old age awaits him.

I suppose that handful of grass from Rose's grave will go with him to his own. Strange inconsistency of human nature; he loved her, and pierced her heart with a wound that bled for ever in his own.

An honorable man in all other relations of life—just, conscientious, honest, pure, to Rose Lestrange—a "pearl among women," and the woman of his love, he was—by his own act and lips confessed—a scoundrel.

New Publications.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., have just published a very pretty little pamphlet, containing Col. George E. Waring's famous horse story, "Vix," which the London Spectator characterizes as "genuinely pathetic." Every admirer of the "noblest friend of man" should own a copy of "Vix." Price 10 cents. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

MAGAZINES.

The *North American Review* for August opens with a very spirited discussion of the subject of "Moral Instruction in the Public Schools," by the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton. Henry D. Lloyd exposes the tricks and frauds of speculation in grain, "Woman in Politics," by ex-Surgeon-General Wm. A. Hammond, is a caustic discussion of certain facts of nervous organization which in his opinion render the female sex unfitted for participation in public affairs. Hon. Francis A. Walker reviews "Henry George's Social Fallacies," criticising in particular his doctrines regarding land tenure and rent. The evils resulting from "Crude Methods of Legislation," both national and State, are pointed out by Simon Sterne. Charles F. Wingate writes of "The Temporary Homes of the Rich," and there is a joint discussion of "Science and Prayer," by President Gilman, Anderson and Thaddeus B. Wakeman. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale by booksellers generally.

The August *Wide Awake* is more than usually attractive in its art department. It contains with a very pretty frontispiece by Jessie Curtis Shepard called The Button Charm and following comes a story by Sophie May of The Runaway Ring. A Castle in Spain, by Mary E. Wilkins, is a long and fanciful ballad accompanied with eight full page drawings by Alfred Brennan and there are three full page pictures of Through Spain on Donkey Back, by Bodfish, who also furnishes fourteen drawings for Isabel Smitham's paper on The Lights of Paris. Among the many other articles in prose and verse are Surf Bathing at Newport, by Henry Sandham; Adelaide Proctor's Lost Chord, with a full page drawing by Taylor, and Mrs. Celia Thaxter's Poor Bishop, with a picturesque drawing by [illegible] The number is well filled with interesting stories.

Liver, kidneys and Bright's Disease.

A medicine that destroys the germ or cause of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, kidney and liver complaints, and has power to root them out of the system, is a thing all people should have. Hunters, and persons living in the country can be found by one in a million who is not troubled with one of these diseases.

Our Young Folks.

ALL A MISTAKE.

BY PIPKIN.

OH, that glorious summer time!

The fair June sky, radiant and tender in its brooding, like the face of a loving mother.

And the earth was joyous as a happy child—ay, joyous as we were, Jessie and I, twin sisters of seven, with the Lady Doretta Sophia, our doll, between us.

Far away over the downs a lark was singing, and the cuckoo's cry fell on our ears as we tripped along the hayfield, among the newly-cut grass, to the home meadow, where the hay had been carted and carried away.

True, our sensitive little hearts yearned with a half-sorrowful regret as we bent over the expiring daisies, so like dying babes with half-closed eyes.

But who could really be sad among all this beauty of lights and lovely tints, here, there, and everywhere, with the river shimmering, and calling to us not so very far away, that now was the time to be happy?

So we were, for mamma was away at the seaside, growing strong again, after months of weary weakness, we, her little daughters, were in a rapture of expectation of soon seeing her again, to be our own bright, laughing mamma, as of old.

And the Lady Doretta Sophia was glad, a constant simper was on her fair wax face, as we went along to our shady nook under the poplars.

Our one brother and tease, Harry, was among the mowers.

We could see him running here and there about them.

But now he espied us, and ere we were well settled in our favorite retreat, down he came running to us.

"Now," said he, mischief in his eye, "I've a jolly treat for the Lady Doretta Sophia: I'm going to send her a trip in my boat, all down the river."

"Oh, you won't!" cried Jessie, with a gasp, "you'll make her ill; she's never had a sail in her life."

"All the more reason why she should begin.

"Come along, old lady," returned the provoking boy, making a grab at the wee, smiling thing.

"You know she'll be wrecked, and she shan't go."

I said this in a resolute, though half-laughing way, for, oh, we loved him and his very teasing, too, it is only nine-year-old brother of ours!

"Pooh! Maggie, do you think I'd take a lady a trip to wreck her—and a titled lady, too?" was the retort.

"We know you're a teasing, troublesome—" began Jessie.

"Spare your t's and your adjectives, my good woman," he said, laughingly interrupting her.

"But now, this is fair—we'll ask the grand lady herself.

"Will you go, my liege lady?" he questioned, going down on one knee before the doll.

"Well, silence means consent all the world over!

"Come along, sweet lady," and he made a dash at her, to snatch her away, at which we screamed and protested, defending her, half laughing, half crying.

Then the saucy fellow, having had his fun, as he termed it, turned on his heel and sauntered away, saying, as a last shot at us, that he would get old Tibby to go the voyage instead.

"Yes, do! she'll jump out," I shouted after him.

Then we settled down to have a cosy time together.

"Dear little darling, she don't want to go sailing with a naughty romp of a boy," said I, bestowing a kiss on the pet's rosy wax lips.

"See Jessie, she's laughing at him—actually laughing."

And we set to work and made her a crown of dog roses, late honeysuckles, and many sweet buds and flowers, until she was a picture of loveliness, and our hearts leaped for joy.

"Miss Maggie!

"Miss Jessie!" called Kitty, our maid, over the hayfield.

Ah, we knew only too well what that meant.

Miss Johnson, our governess, had arrived, and we must away to lessons.

"'Tis a pity to take the happy little darling in," said Jessie.

"See how she she enjoys being out of doors, and how proud she looks in her wreath.

"We'll leave her here until after lessons.

"Harry'll not guess she's here, so she'll come to no harm; and, besides, he will be at his lessons, too."

He had lessons away at our rector's, in the village.

So we left our darling, still smiling, still beautiful as the fair June morning, to go through our lessons, happy little souls, without a single little doubt or misgiving.

Now, after lessons, for once, our motherly instincts were at fault.

We [illegible] Lady Doretta Sophia—forgot her, though Harry's face was a picture of mischief all dinner-time; ay, forgot her, till we went, as was our wont, to lay her in her cot for her afternoon's sleep.

And then—oh! our feet were winged as we sped away to our retreat among the poplars.

Oh, children, what a sight met our poor, startled eyes!

Our [illegible] hearts were riven, so to speak.

Our pet, our darling, our best-beloved child lay a mangled bundle of soiled finery and marred beauty.

Her poor disfigured face, upturned to us as we bent over her, seemed to plead with us to love her still, though shorn of her loveliness.

Her once smiling blue eyes—they pierced our very souls.

Who had done this?

There was no one near who could answer us.

Old Red Back, the cow was feeding near—that was all.

Was Harry cruel enough to do anything so terrible?

Yes, it must be he.

Ah, there he was, not far off, spying at us.

A wicked anger leaped to our childish hearts, we rushed up to him, and confronted him with I know not what of reproach.

But he only laughed, and declared he'd not harmed the senseless thing.

We said that we believed it was false, and that we'd do to him as he had done to us.

I fear that our mother's illness had allowed many any evil weed to grow unchecked in our young hearts, and perhaps this was to be the uprooting-time.

Yes—anger, malice, and much unforgiveness were about us, as we washed and mended our darling's soiled and torn garments, and tried to patch up and restore her marred beauty.

We gave her a bath, but her poor sad face looked even more pallid and worn; then we laid her to sleep, sorely troubled little mothers as we were, hoping much from a long night's sleep.

And we, too, went to bed, letting the sun go down upon our wrath, for we never forgave Harry, never spoke to him all teatime, never gave him a good-night kiss on the landing, as had always been our custom before.

I know he felt it, yet he, too, stole away sulky and ill at ease, to bed, and on the morrow all was as yesterday—the sunshine as golden, the earth as glad, only our poor darling would ever be a faded beauty, and we were sorrowful and full of anger against Harry.

Lessons and dinner passed; then Harry came rushing to us, full of wrath, as we walked in the garden.

"So you've done it, you wicked, resentful little bodies," said he.

Then he sobbed as I had never seen him sob before.

"Done what?" I asked, half in pity—half—ah! the other half of what I felt was wicked exultation.

"Torn my kite to pieces."

I know how he prized his beautiful kite, what time he had spent over the adorning of it.

How we girls had so often and often enjoyed going in the spring days, over the breezy downs, to see him fly it.

"Ah, now you can feel as well as we," said Jessie, flippantly.

Her tone maddened him.

"I will never like either of you again—I won't, I won't!" he cried.

And yet the torrent of tears which followed his words seemed to contradict them.

He seemed nearly hysterical in his excitement.

"And we will not like you either," I retorted.

Oh, why did I say it?

I did not mean it.

Not like my beautiful sunny-haired brother?

My heart yearned after him the next moment, as he turned away with such a dumb pain in his once sunny blue eyes as I had never seen there before, nor have never seen since.

And yet I never called him back—never told him I did not mean it.

I let him go away in the sunlight, out at the garden gate, through the meadows, where the river flowed on turbulent and deep.

I never questioned Jessie as to whether she had torn the kite, but by the light in her eyes I thought it quite likely that she had.

So we sauntered about with our baby in our arms, and anon it was tea-time and sundown, and Harry not back.

Nobody knew where he was; all had seen him down by the river; it seemed he had never returned.

Jessie and I looked into each other's eyes and sped away down to the river bank, when Kitty said to cook that he must be sought for; cook shook her head and looked this way and that.

The afterglow was upon the meadows and the gurgling river, but it faded while we lingered there, the gloomy evening making us shiver, as it came creeping about us like a mystery.

And here were his knife and a ball of string, and a step farther a book he had been reading, the marks of his feet here and there on the soft, yielding bank.

Here were the prints of his feet, a confusion of impressions, as if the signs of a struggle, as if he had slipped and fallen in.

Our imagination was terribly active; we clung to each other in childish remorse and terror.

Oh! had he been rushing along, in his anger and sorrow, and missed his footing and fallen in?

And we had parted with those wicked wicked words.

"Oh, Harry, Harry, Harry!" we cried, weeping and wringing our hands.

But the river only murmured that it knew more than we, the sky looked solemn and watchful; and we, two poor, remorseful little maidens, all alone, with none to make reply.

We gathered up the knife, the string, and the book, as if they were the possessions of the dead.

Who says children do not feel and suffer anguish of spirit?

I know we mourned over our cruel words with a keener anguish than I have ever felt since.

And, when we went round to the stable and wept over the torn kite, as if it were another death to be bemoaned, a more rapturous joy swept up to us than has ever crowned our young lives since that evening, and many have been vouchsafed to us.

For down the ladder from the loft above lumbered Harry, roused, I dare say, by our moans and sobs.

"There, don't be such sillies.

"What's done can't be undone—let's be friends," said he, slapping us each on the shoulder.

"Oh Harry, we thought you were drowned—we thought—"

We were both clinging to him, and weeping bitterly.

"Well, I never knew of such muddles of things as girls.

"Drowned!'

"I only crept up into the loft to have a snooze, and overslept myself.

"But, say, I didn't spoil her ladyship's pretty face and toggery."

"And we never tore your kite," said penitent Jessie, laughing in her joy.

"No, 'twas the cow," said Joe, the shoeboy, coming in at the moment.

"I see Red Back beat Miss Dollie out of shape and form.

"I see her do it, and I drove her back to her own field over the river, but I left the doll for the young ladies to find.

"And as for the kite, Towser did that a week ago, the young rompin' thing."

Then it was all a mistake.

And we wrung one another's hands in token of forgiveness.

"Somebody had mounted the young lady in a tree—I see her there afore Red Back took her.

"She must have tore her down a nibblin' at the trees, but she couldn't have put her there first," chuckled Joe.

"Ah, well, I perched her there," confessed Harry, a ring of merriment in his tone, too; "I thought she'd enjoy a see-saw in the nice, fresh air—but, honor bright, girls, I meant no harm."

The moonlight was about us, as we went towards the house—it seemed to be something purer pleading with us to beware of any hasty words, hard, unkindly thoughts; but to put on blessed Charity, because Charity suffereth long and is kind, and is not easily provoked.

I believe patience began to have her perfect work within us from that time, and when we failed, one look at our poor, faded Lady Doretta Sophia recalled us to ourselves again.

THINGS, THINGS, THINGS.—The coldest thing in the world—The kitchen oilcloth to your feet in a winter's night.

The hottest thing—A raisin lying in ambush in a mouthful of hot plum pudding.

The dullest thing — A funny newspaper.

The longest thing—Your friend's favorite story.

The shortest thing—The memory of the perpetual borrower.

The biggest thing—the fortune you expect to make by stock speculation.

The smallest thing—The fortune which you do make.

The toughest thing—The young wife's pie-crust.

The softest thing—The conversation which passes between a duck and a deary.

The highest thing—The mercury in the thermometer, about this time.

The hardest thing—The bit of bone that you "come right down on" when eating chops.

The easiest thing—Lying.

The tightest thing—The marriage tie; that is to say, it used to be, but now it is the locust.

The prettiest thing—Look in the mirror, and you will see it.

The brightest thing—The sun's light shot into your eye as it comes reflected from the piece of looking glass in the hands of the mischievous small boy.

The silliest thing—Thinking that wealth produces happiness. (Wouldn't you like to be knocked silly, provided the money came?)

The freshest thing—You know him; he is everywhere.

The stalest thing—Common sense.

The quickest thing—The flea.

The slowest thing—An amateur drama by amateur performers.

The heaviest thing—A long sermon on a hot Sunday.

The lightest thing—A lover's vow.

The thickest thing—Your tongue when coming home from the sledge.

The wettest thing—The foot of the small boy with a new pair of rubber boots.

MANY bodily ills result from habitual constipation, and a fine constitution may be broken and ruined by simple neglect. There is no medicine equal to Ayer's Pills to correct the evil, and restore the organs to natural, healthy, and regular action.

A BATTLE OF BIRDS.

THE fact that bluebirds often take possession of boxes reared for the martins is the cause of much contention between the two species.

But the almost universal belief that the bluebird is too much for the martin is, according to my experience, very correct.

In this latitude bluebirds often remain with us during the winter, and they may always be heard warbling their cheerful lays the first warm days in February.

Soon they make and seek places in which to build their nests—a hollow apple-tree, a vacated woodpecker hole, a martin box, or even a gourd with a hole in it and placed a few feet above the ground is good enough for them.

At first they are very timid, but as nothing molests them they become more bold.

However, they do not like to have near neighbors, and the males often engage in fearful combats even when their respective places of abode are several rods apart.

They begin the attack in the air, and falling to the ground continue the struggle until exhausted.

I have often approached within a few feet of them and watched them several minutes.

Sometimes they will lie by each other panting for some time and then renew the engagement.

But the martin does not put in an appearance till late in March.

First the males and some days later the females.

At first the martin is very timid, especially the female, and where the bluebirds have possession of a box it is very easy generally to hold the martins at bay, but no bluebird would dare to make himself at home in a box occupied by martins.

But sometimes the martins grow very bold.

In the spring the bluebirds took possession of the box which stands in front of the door where I am writing.

We placed another box about three rods distant from the first box, which was soon occupied by martins.

At first there was some sparring between the birds but finally they settled down, and I expected everything to go on nicely, but one evening just before sundown another male martin arrived, and at once made an attack on the bluebirds, which were then incubating.

Several times the birds fell to the ground but the martin is too high-minded to wallow in the dirt, so he was immediately on the wing.

At nightfall the bluebirds were in peaceful possession of their fort.

The next morning I was up early to see if the martin would renew the attack.

In a few minutes the martin swooped down to the box, and was promptly met by the bluebird.

They flew forcibly against each other fell, but the martin was up again and at the box, followed by the bluebird.

Several times they came to the ground, but each time the martin sought the box again.

Soon the bluebird paused a moment on the ground.

It was a fatal pause.

The martin got into the box, and sat in one the doors.

The bluebird renewed the fight, and got the martin by the foot and drew him out, but like an arrow he was in again.

This time he kept his feet out of the way and presented his wide-spread jaws.

Both bluebirds flew at him, but he would catch and hold them until they were glad to get away.

All day the fight was kept up, but that evening the bluebirds retreated.

In two or three days the martin found a female which took the precaution to throw out the eggs of the bluebirds.

Now, all day long the bluebirds sat on a peach tree near by, uttering a plaintive cry, so I made another box and placed it scarcely higher than my head.

In an hour the bluebirds were cheerful and soon began to build.

The young bluebirds have been out several days, and there are young martins in the other box.

M. S.

LEAVES AND GRASSES.—A curious experiment has recently been tried with wreaths and votive offerings taken from the tomb of an Egyptian king, where they had been drying for three thousand five hundred years. Under judicious manipulation in hot water the dry coils unwound into their original plumpness, and the leaves attached to cardboard and treated like recent specimens, were exhibited at a late soiree of the Royal Society. Not only were the forms of the leaves so far restored that they could be botanically identified, but the intricate venation of the flower petals could be plainly traced, the coloring of lilies, larkspurs, and other flowers was preserved, and even the shattered remains of some specimens were preserved. In general, these old leaves and grasses were the same as a similar specimen today.

THE thief has his excuse; he would do good by stealth.

Fear Not.

All kidney and urinary complaints, especially Bright's Disease and Liver troubles, Hop Bitters will surely and speedily cure. Cases exactly like your own have been cured in your own neighborhood, and you can find reliable proof at home of what Hop Bitters has and can do.

RAINY EVENING.

BY F. R.

The twilight shadows darkening fall,
O memories dear! against thy thrall
  My heart strives all in vain.
Yet wherefore strive against my mood?
I cannot silence, if I would,
  The softly falling rain.

At such an hour, on such an eve
Bright hopes, that yet I only grieve,
  Sprang up to fade and wane.
Ah, never more, hand clasped in hand,
Shall we within the doorway stand
  And watch the falling rain.

Yet still the sweetness of that hour
Returns, with all its wonted power
  Of mingled joy and pain,
When, dropping down from window-eaves,
Or gently falling on the leaves,
  I hear the summer rain.

O cruel memory! thus to bring
That glad brief hour, with bitter sting,
  Back to my heart again;
Those parting words of fond regret;
With glad pretext, love lingering yet,
  Unmindful of the rain.

Ah! brief, indeed, poor aching heart,
The joy those fickle hopes impart;
  Brief follows in their train,
Nay, nay, my heart take upward wing.
O cruel memory! thy sting
  Shall vanish with the rain.

Though sadder seem the songs I trill,
Yet, sorrow, with its plaintive thrill,
  Adds sweetness to the strain;
As fragrant perfumes softly flow
From hawthorn blossoms bending low,
  Beat down by wind and rain.

QUITS.

THERE happened to be a snug party of commercial gentlemen assembled in the commercial room of an inn in an English South-country town; one winter evening a few years ago.

The cloth had been removed from the table, the customary toasts had been duly honored, and the company, some half dozen in number, had drawn their chairs round the fire, lit their pipes, and each with his glass of ale at his elbow, had evidently made up his mind to be as comfortable and as cosy as possible.

The conversation was being monopolized by Mr. Hicks, a vulgar, puffy-faced, bald-headed man, with a large expanse of shirt-front and much ostentatious jewelry, who was standing with his back to the fire, his hands tucked under his coat-tails in the orthodox British fashion. The other men, who were all younger, were listening with the respect due to a representative of the old school of commercials, hazarding occasionally an approving remark, dutifully laughing at every joke, but in no way interfering with the great man's periods.

He was very moody and silent at dinner, and the young fellows saw that something had gone wrong with him, as he scowled terribly over his food, and only answered with fierce grunts the questions put to him.

Afterwards, when, according to custom, the chairs were drawn round and the fire and the best part of the day begun, Mr. Hicks rose majestically, and, assuming his usual position in front of the fire, prefaced his thunders with a little "Ahem!"

"Gentlemen, it is with regret, strongly mixed with disgust, that I am forced to address you upon a certain subject—upon a subject which is as disagreeable to me as it must be humiliating to such of you as are concerned. In short, some of you, taking a mean advantage of my attempt to amuse you last night, 'ave been playing me a under'and trick."

The gentlemen thus addressed took the pipes from their mouths and gazed at Mr. Hicks with amazement.

He continued:

"The day for that sort of thing has gone by, and it ill becomes members of an honored profession to indulge in tricks of which a schoolboy would be ashamed. To be plain with you, gentlemen, I have been passed off in the town as a lunatic, and consequently have found the doors of my most important customers shut against me—just think of it!"

In spite of the serious manner in which Mr. Hicks spoke, there was a very perceptible smile on the faces of the young men around him, which he was not slow to observe.

"I see nothing to laugh at in it, gentlemen," he continued, suppressing with difficulty his rising wrath; "in fact, there are some of you who will probably have very good reasons for regretting it, when I tell you that unless I find out which of you is the offender, I shall write to your respective employers, with a view of having the matter thoroughly gone into."

One and all declared that they were utterly ignorant of the matter, and with such energetic protestations against the iniquity of the trick, that Mr. Hicks was forced to believe them.

"Perhaps the little old gentleman who was writing at the side-table last night knows something about it," suggested one of the accused.

Mr. Hicks rang for a waiter.

"Waiter," he said, "is the gentleman who came in here last night from the coffee-room in the 'ouse?"

"Mr. Brownsmith, sir—O no, sir; he went away this mornin'; and he give me this note to give to you, not before evenin'," replied the waiter.

"Mr. Brownsmith! Is that his name?" cried Hicks, in a faint voice.

"Yes, sir," answered the waiter; "he owns half the town, sir, and was here lookin' after his property."

Mr. Hicks opened the note, and read as follows:

MY DEAR SIR—You were good enough, some forty years ago, to play me a trick that might have ruined any other man for life, or at least have retarded his progress very seriously. I am not very vindictive; but I never forgave you for it, more especially as I have had no opportunity of repaying you. We are at last quits. You are beyond the reach of actual harm now, as I presume you have feathered your nest pretty comfortably in forty years; but as a man is never too old to learn a lesson, I hope by the return trick I have played you this morning, that you have learned one.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL BROWNSMITH.

Grains of Gold.

It is wisdom to think, and folly to sit without thinking.

Who assails his competitor with abuse injures his own business.

Prosperity makes friends, but whether they be real adversity will decide.

To what atrocities cannot that mind reach which is impelled by selfish avarice.

Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy, and can make them wretched.

Conscience is the anthem of the soul, but the passions are under the control of the body.

To be able to enjoy art truly and fully, is an indication that there is some good within us.

He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still.

Men who mind their own business usually succeed, because there is so little competition.

Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion; even a prudent enemy is preferable.

If the wages of sin is death, some old sinners we know of are a long time drawing their salary.

The darkest chapter in the nature of man is the tendency to pull down the reputation of his fellow man.

Competition is the cause of all progress; it is the great force of industrial activity, the source of our power.

Courage is frequently to be simply the absence of fear. Yet, if there were no fear, there would be no room for courage.

Necessity compels us to seek bread through honest labor; but if we obtain it by dishonorable methods it becomes poison.

"You see I never contradict, and I sometimes forget," said Lord Beaconsfield, when asked why he was a favorite of the Queen.

The greater the fear, the more sublime is that courage which can stand firm in its presence and unshrinkingly pursue the path of duty.

Many are ambitious of saying grand things—that is, of being grandiloquent. Eloquence is speaking out—a quality few esteem, and fewer aim at.

The men in every community who labor most sincerely for the good of the people are the most independent in their own convictions and principles.

A larger, deeper sympathy and compassion with those who are weak, erring and sinful, is the best safeguard we can have against contaminating influences.

If anything ever may affect your eye, you instantly have it removed; but if your mind is disordered you postpone the term of cure for an indefinite period.

Duty before pleasure is what satisfies the working man; for to postpone for idle pleasure the execution of imperative attention to business necessarily entails suffering.

A great many disputes arise from bargains being imperfectly understood, or not plainly and fully expressed when they are entered into. This can be, and should be, guarded against.

After all that is said and written about the education of the young, there would seem to be one point which is not sufficiently heeded, and that is the discovery and encouragement of the natural talent, taste, or genius of the pupils.

Femininities.

Beauty is the first present nature gives to a woman, and the first it takes away.

It is said that "God Bless our Boarding House," has never been worked in worsted.

The average girl with a big hat loaded with flowers and feathers, seems all head till you talk to her.

There is death to bangs in every breeze that blows from France. Parisian beauties now wear their hair combed back from the forehead.

A Western woman gives all the bottles and worn-out skirts about the house to the poor, and wonders how big her bank account is above.

Cortland, N. Y., youths, who never had the slightest hint of hair on their faces, get shaved every day by the female barber there. All parties seem to enjoy it.

An impecunious young man has started a story that some ice cream is now made from white clay; but the girls are not bound to believe everything they hear.

It is a mean wretch who will slyly drop a hair switch in a car loaded with women, and then smile as he sees every woman make a grab for the back of her head when she notices it.

A young woman in an Ohio town has married her brother's wife's father. When last seen she was busy with a compass and dictionary trying to find out what relation she was to herself.

Holding two bundles, also a fan and a parasol, while hunting for a nickel in a pocketbook that must be in the bottom of a bag, will keep a woman busy for some minutes in a street car.

A Brooklyn man, who had used all the arguments that his ingenuity could devise to dissuade his son from getting married, finally hit upon an expedient that had the desired effect. He procured his appointment as clerk in a divorce court.

A Louisville woman has forced her daughter, thirteen years old, to marry a Chinaman with whom she carried on a laundry. The little girl ran away from home after the ceremony, and the police refuse to make her return.

A young man who took his affianced to hear the divine Nilsson warble her sweetest songs, asked the young lady how she liked the singer's repertoire. "Very much, indeed; I think it fits her beautifully," was the surprising reply.

Yellow is out of favor in Paris except in the figures of blue, dull green, or fawn stuff, and blue seems to be better liked than any other color. There is, however, an odd fancy for twisting yellow ribbon loosely about a hat over all the other trimming.

The parents of fifteen Chinese ladies in Canton had arranged for a wholesale marriage of their daughters on a certain feast day. The girls did not like their prospective husbands, and went to the river in a body and drowned themselves on the eve of the feast.

"Yes," said a gilded youth, "I want a wife to make home pleasant." "But," observed his friend, "you'd be bowling around town nights all the same." "Yes; but nobody cares, and it would be such a comfort to feel that somebody was at home and mad about it."

The Savage Club of London has in preparation a volume of etchings from pictures, each of which is to be accompanied by illustrative verse. The whole contents of the volume will be contributed by members of the club, among whom are several of the young academicians.

A Sunday-school superintendent of Fort Gaines, Ga., succeeded in keeping a pretty girl all to himself by writing anonymous letters to the family, aspersing the character of all rivals. Investigation has exposed his scheme, and he is finding the town an unpleasant place to live in.

There are now in England and Wales between 200,000 and 400,000 women who possess the franchise—that is to say, one woman to every seven men. More than 100,000 women possess, as householders, the municipal franchise. The number of women landowners in England and Wales is 37,406.

Several ladies were chatting on the verandah of a seaside hotel, when one of the fair complacently observed: "I never bathe without discovering some new beauty." Severe silence greeted the remark, but one rival cuttingly remarked: "How often do you bathe—once a year?" These were fashionable ladies.

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "did you see this, that a crape fringe, with rows of swinging acorns in graduated sizes, is an elegant novelty mourning. Wouldn't I look nice in them?" "Well, by thunder!" yelled the husband, as he went, slamming the door. And his fashionable wife don't know what made him so mad.

Women on the other side of the Atlantic have summoned the moral courage to mount the tricycle, and they acquire great proficiency in the management of the steel steed. A number of English women are said to have traversed in this manner five hundred miles during the last cycling season, greatly to the benefit of both mind and body.

A child, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva. "Who is that?" she said. "My child, that is Minerva, the goddess of wisdom." "Why don't they make her husband, too?" "Because she had none, my dear." "That was because she was wise, mamma, wasn't it?" was the artless reply.

A floating item says that the queen of one of the old countries has to have a doctor sit by her side at dinner to tell her what to eat. See how much difference there is between a queen and a healthy girl of this Western country. Some of these Western girls almost need to have a doctor sit beside them at dinner to tell them when to stop eating.

Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person; the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house and remarkable for sociability elsewhere. Take your sunshine home with you.

News Notes.

Plute Indians eat worms.

Chicago has 30 miles of cable road.

President Arthur wears three collars a day.

"Washin dun by the duzin," is a Denver sign.

A Cincinnatian has his heart literally on the right side.

A 14 year-old boy of Gorham, N. Y., weighs 250 pounds.

Mrs. Langtry acknowledges having netted $100,000 in this country.

There are 18,000,000 Roman Catholics in Spain, and 40,000 churches.

During the hot weather eat more fruits and vegetables, and less meat.

Los Angelos, Cal., recently shipped 1,125,000 oranges in a single day.

Senator Butler, of South Carolina, has appointed his own son to West Point.

One of the sons of the Prince of Wales is to be given an ecclesiastical education.

Steve Holcomb, an old Louisville gambler, has become a zealous city missionary.

A New Haven lady has given $20,000 for a home for animals who are old or suffering.

Tom Thumb's body will be inclosed in solid masonry to prevent its theft by grave-robbers.

One teaspoonful of chloride of lime in three quarts of water, will take stains from white goods.

A piece of lime which a boy carried in his pocket was the cause of his death from blood-poisoning.

In Jefferson county, Mo., a parsnip fifty inches long and fifteen inches in circumference was grown.

Republics are not always ungrateful. The United States has paid its soldiers $700,000,000 in pensions.

Assistant District Attorney Backus, of Brooklyn, was arrested the other day for playing ball in the streets.

To extinguish fire in the chimney, put some powdered brimstone in the fire and shut the stove all up.

New York has 13,000 cab-drivers, and nearly 10,000 articles lost in their cabs during the past year were restored.

There is a family in Rusk county, Texas, consisting of two brothers and two sisters, and their average age is 87 years.

Angelo Cordelia, a Nevada miner, claims to be the strongest man in the world. He can lift 900 pounds with one finger.

Emma Newman, of New Albany, Ind., a bride of three days, ran away from her husband to join the Salvation Army.

The best way to sweep your carpet is to sprinkle it with damp corn-meal. It lays the dust and brightens the colors.

The German Emperor, who is over 86 years old, is hale and vigorous, while the Empress, at 72, is a confirmed invalid.

An Illinois farmer bought a Jersey cow for $300. He has sold two of her calves for $1,000 each, and the cow herself for $10,000.

Col. King, of Texas, has sold his ranche at San Antonio, said to be the largest in the world, to an English syndicate for $4,000,000.

To clean willow furniture, use salt and water; apply with a brush and wipe very dry. Use the same for cleaning straw-matting.

A Chattanooga cow committed suicide the other day by holding her head under water and standing until she fell over drowned.

San Francisco physicians have discovered 107 cases of leprosy among the hoodlum class of boys who smoke cigarettes made by Chinamen.

The editor of the Maple Leaf, a New Brunswick paper, is worried by bears, who come into his sanctum at night without wiping their feet.

M. De Lesseps, the French ship-canal builder, is 82 years old, and the father of eleven children, the youngest being born only two weeks since.

Dr. Brown-Sequard has discovered a new anæsthetic which destroys sensibility, but not consciousness or physical activity, for an entire day or more.

The consumption of ice in Berlin is said to have reached "almost American proportions," and the new trade is giving employment to hundreds of people.

When policeman Hunt, of Brooklyn, found a burglar in a store, he did not draw his revolver, but knocked the thief out in one round with his fist.

Curiosity-collectors are informed by advertisements in Paris papers that the skulls of sixteen notable individuals connected with the First Revolutionists are for sale.

A poisonous gas hole among the stalactite caves in the Yosemite is called Stygian Cave. Birds drop dead flying over its mouth, and small animals entering perish at once.

An eight-year-old boy who failed to recite the multiplication table properly in a Gratiot (Mich.) school, was so severely whipped by the teacher, a male, that the little fellow fell ill and has since died.

THE SYSTEM IS OFTEN SO RAPIDLY REduced by a severe attack of Diarrhœa, or other Affection of the Bowels, as to get almost beyond the reach of medicine, before the patient can realize the necessity of looking about him for a remedy. Better keep by you Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, a safe curative for Asiatic Cholera, Cramps, Dysentery, and the Summer Complaints of children, and thus be prudently prepared to treat these disorders on their first appearance.

"Let Nobody Pass."

BY L. M. O.

A FEW days since, when reading a tale entitled "Let Nobody Pass," the incidents there related brought forcibly to my mind three different anecdotes of real life illustrating the same motto, and which, though they are not of a "thrilling" nature, may still be interesting to some readers from the mere fact of their being true.

One of these occured in 1864 (I think) when Lord Lawrence was Governor-General of India.

His Excellency had just returned from England to assume his onerous duties, and was spending a short time at (what might be called his country seat) the Government House at Barrackpore.

Any one who knew Lord Lawrence will remember his utter disregard of personal appearance.

Excepting on public occasions he paid so little attention to his dress as to appear almost shabby, which seems strange in a man who so well understood the character of the natives, and who could not have lived so many years in India without knowing how much importance they attach to pomp and show; and who, moreover, as representative of the Queen-Empress, and Governor of such a vast territory, was expected to appear with suitable ceremony.

The day after his arrival at Barrackpore he took a walk, with some of his staff, in the beautiful park; and on their return to the Government House they were refused admittance by the sentry, a Punjab soldier, who had not seen them go out.

In vain the staff officers explained, reasoned, and insisted. The sentry would not listen to them. His orders were peremptory. No one must pass but those who had particular business with his Excellency, and could give a satisfactory account of themselves. And he wound up with what appeared to him an unanswerable argument—

"The Lord Sahib would not wear such shabby clothes, so it's no use to try to deceive me."

It was not until some official, known to the sentry, came out of the Government House and assured him of his mistake, that the poor man, who had only wished to do his duty, realized what he had done.

He was so terrified at having refused admittance to the "Lord Sahib" himself, that he fell down in a fit, and was carried away to the hospital.

I believe he recovered, and, no doubt, his convalescence was hastened by Lord Lawrence's pardon, and the assurance of his Excellency's satisfaction at his having so faithfully carried out his orders.

The second incident is of a totally different nature, though it, too, was consequent on the advent of a new Governor-General.

I think it was on the occasion of Lord Dalhousie's arrival that the troops in Calcutta were assembled to do him honor, lining the whole length of road from the landing place to the Government-House.

One part of this road leads directly to the Cathedral, the graceful spire of which is a conspicuous object for some distance round.

The orders had been issued that the road was to be kept perfectly clear, no conveyance of any kind but the *cortege* of his Excellency being allowed to pass.

All were in readiness, and full of expectation, for the guns from the fort had fired their salute, announcing that the Governor-General had set foot on Indian soil, when suddenly a closed carriage appeared on the piece of road mentioned above, the driver having very cleverly contrived to slip in from a by-way.

The young officer in charge of that particular spot immediately gave chase, but the coachman was driving fast, and he had to ride some distance before he overtook him.

Shouting to him to stop, he repeated the order, and told him to turn his horse's head at once.

The man, a native, chattered and gesticulated as only a native can, but the officer was inexorable. The road must be kept clear, and already clouds of dust in the distance showed that his Excellency's cavalcade was fast approaching.

At this critical moment a lady's tremulous voice was heard from within the conveyance, the blinds of which had hitherto been closely drawn, so that the occupants could not be seen.

"Oh! pray let us pass on. I am going to the Cathedral to be married, and if we are obliged to go the long way round I shall be too late!"

Here was a dilemma! The bridegroom was awaiting the bride, while she, poor lady, was letting "the tear doon fa'," though from quite a different motive to that of Jock o' Hazeldean's betrothed.

Her evident distress moved the young officer to pity, and though he dared not himself disobey his orders, he did the best he could by representing the case to his commandant, who gallantly taking for his motto *Place aux Dames*, and considering that if all things are fair in war they are equally so in love, gave the required permission, having, no doubt, made a mental calculation as to the length of time that might elapse before that cloud of dust should develop itself into something more definite.

Let us hope that the lady, being married, "lived happily ever after" (as the story-books say,) and that she never had reason to repent the hour when her tears were even more powerful than the stern sense of duty and discipline over the heart of a British soldier.

The third illustration of "Let nobody pass" occurred during a certain cold season in India, when a considerable force was collected at one of our large stations for a camp of exercise.

The camp was pitched just outside the cantonments, from which it was separated by a road, and surrounded by a ditch, communication being afforded by a temporary bridges which were guarded at either end by a sentry.

One evening the colonel commanding one of the regiments (who was better known for his kindly disposition than for any special military qualities) had been dining with a friend in the station, and returning rather late, he made his way to the bridge which was nearest to his own tent.

Unfortunately he did not know either the "parole" or "countersign," but he trusted to the sentries knowing him (although they were not his own men) and allowing him to pass.

He was so far right that the first man, having recognized him, was satisfied with the answer "Friend" to his challenge, and let him get on the bridge; but the second sentry sentry was more particular and demanded the countersign.

Of course the colonel could not give it, and though he explained the situation and stated who he was, the sentry stood firm.

Seeing no other alternative, the crest-fallen field-officer determined to beat a retreat and return to the cantonments for the night.

But here a fresh difficulty arose, for the first sentry, who had previously allowed him to pass, had by this time awakened to a sense of his position, and—thinking, no doubt, with his companion at the other end of the bridge, that this opportunity of keeping guard over a superior officer was too good to be lost, and a chance that might never occur to him again—refused to let him return without giving the "parole."

The position was a dreadful one.

Imagine an elderly field-officer of irreproachable character, and in command of a regiment, being thus kept under guard of two sentries at an hour of the night when all respectable people should be in bed! But there was no help for it, and for some little time the gallant colonel had to submit to his fate.

And he might have remained there until the small hours of the morning had he not been rescued by the fortunate arrival of a friend, who was also returning to the camp from the cantonments, and who, giving him the information he required, freed him from arrest.

MORAL—A word in the mouth is worth two in the Order-book.

TURKISH BARBER SHOPS.—The barber's basin throughout Constantinople, and throughout Turkey, is of the time-honored pattern, made of brass, with a semi-circular segment cut out of the rim, so as to admit of the basin being placed close to the customer's neck, and below his chin with warm water, until the other is ready for the final operation.

It is just such a basin as that which Don Quixote took for "Mambrino's Helmet," and which he placed on his head, upside down and with the semi-circular hiatus over his forehead, as if the basin had been a morion.

It is just such a basin as was wont to be used in Beaumont and Fletcher's amusing burlesque of the "Knight of the Burning Pestle," when one of the Giant Barbaroso's captives was brought forth upon the stage, with the basin embracing his neck, close under his chin, as if he were just about to be shaved.

Such basins were in universal use in England for some centuries. Here there are other forms. They are not invariably of brass. Of late years basins of pottery have been introduced.

As a matter of course, the barber shops in Stamboul are not localized, but there is a little settlement of them close to each principle mosque.

One of these settlements consists of a row of small houses, or rather huts, in front of the great mosque of Sultan Achmet, which are occupied by barbers, and are made quite resplendent by the basins, which are hung out in apparently unnecessary profusion in front of the huts. There is another colony of barbers in the square of the Bayezid Mosque, and they have introduced open air shaving.

In winter I saw a row of grave Turks seated under the wall of the court of the mosque and having their tonsures made strictly orthodox. To an unbeliever, the spectacle was provocative of mirth, but to the moslem crowd it gave great satisfaction. As I have said, the barbers are also dentists, and they have preserved a custom which prevails in England, as the readers of Beaumont and Fletcher, and of other poets well know.

They make collarettes, aprons, girdles, and other similar articles, with teeth strung together by red, blue and yellow silk, and they suspend these articles, as signs, outside their shops.

There is no secret in the heart which our actions do not disclose.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

WHAT HAPPENED.

He pressed her to his manly breast,
Then kisses on her lips he pressed,
And O! the vows of love expressed
Were rash!

But suddenly his heart was stirred,
A crushing 'neath her head he heard,
And all his happiness was blurred—
A crash!

Two good cigars were much dismayed,
To say the least. The tender maid
Had wrecked them. Ay, in truth she made
A mash!

—S. T. OLEN.

Humorous.

A land-lady—Mother Earth.

A fast gait—One that is bolted.

Is the music of the rooster composed of cross-bars?

A premium on baldness—The Montana bounty on bear scalps.

If a cold wave is coming it has a queer wave showing showing itself.

The boot-black shines while he works, but the lazy man whines while he shirks.

"Look before you leap," said the man who brushed a boat pin off the chair.

In warm weather we do not like to work because it is very fatiguing—the same as in cold weather.

When you set in to bringing up a boy, you will find a good deal of bringing down necessary to the task.

"Why," exclaimed a tourist, "a donkey couldn't climb that hill;" and then he added, "and I'm not going to try it."

The man who was "waiting for something to turn up," was rewarded when he stepped upon the edge of a barrel-hoop.

Many people ejaculate, "My goodness!" when they are astonished, when they really ought to say, "My badness!"

Barbers used to pull teeth, and there are some barbers who would do it yet, if the teeth only grew outside, like a beard.

The Kilkenny cats on the clothes-line were probably sick of it, as it is the worst case of the fuss known on the records.

An editor offers money for the best-written love-letter. There are some people who would give more to get back some they have written.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vitals Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

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109 Fulton Street, New York

SILKS FOR PATCH WORK

In blocks of all sizes, colors and designs. Send six 2c stamps for samples. Yale Silk Works, New Haven, Ct.

$200 A YEAR
CAN BE SAVED
In the Living Expenses of the Family

by the use of REX MAGNUS, The Humiston Food Preservative. It preserves Meat, Fish, Milk, Cream, Eggs, and all kinds of Animal Food fresh and sweet for weeks, even in the hottest weather. This can be proved by the testimonials of hundreds who have tried it. You can prove it for yourself for 50 cents. You will find that this is an article which will save you a great deal of money.

NO SOURED MILK.
NO SPOILED MEAT.
NO STALE EGGS.

It will keep them fresh and sweet for many days, and does not impart the slightest foreign taste to the articles treated. It is so simple in operation that a child can follow the directions, is *as harmless as salt*, and costs only a fraction of a cent to a pound of meat, fish, butter or cheese, or to a quart of milk. This is no humbug; it is endorsed by such men as Prof. Samuel W. Johnson, of Yale College. Sold by druggists and grocers. Sample pounds sent pre-paid by mail or express (as we prefer) on receipt of price. Name your express office. Viandine brand for meat; Ocean Wave for fish and sea food; Snow Flake for Milk, Butter and Cheese; Anti-Ferment; Anti-Fly; and Anti-Mold, 50c. per lb. each. Pearl for cream, Queen for eggs, and Aqua-Vitæ for fluid extracts, $1. per lb. each.

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AYER'S
Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

A KEY THAT WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT.
SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 45 Day St., N. Y.

PATENT MEDICINES—Send for Prices.
William T. TOTTEN, 872 N. Tenth St., Phila., Pa.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on 10c. 13 pk. $1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum Ct.

Splendid 20 Latest Style Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Pardee, New Haven Ct.

50 New Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c., or all Gold & Silver, 10c. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

40 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c. postpaid. G. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

TO CONQUER THAT
BLUE DEVIL
DISEASE
Use the Only Homeopathic Remedy
Engelman's
Thirty Powders,
TEN DAYS TREATMENT.
PRICE, - $1.00.

I have used your DYSPEPSIA POWDERS with marvelous success, and rejoice in the knowledge that the most horrible of all diseases can be cured. You are at liberty to refer to
Yours respectfully,
JAS. S. STACKHOUSE,
Ticket Receiver P. R. R. Co., Broad St. Station, Phila.

Your POWDERS give early relief and, in my case, a permanent cure.
MAJOR JOS. ANTHONY,
Gen'l Sup't Lykens Valley Coal Co.,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Mailed to any Address on Receipt of Price.

DYSPEPSIA

The trouble is no longer the want of sleep, but the want of time to sleep, and no more confused, but pleasant, dreams.
A. H. STONER,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Your POWDERS have cured me, after trying many other remedies.
ROBERT D. MILLER,
Harrisburg, Pa.

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POWDERS.

The Yokohama Tea Store, O'Neill Bros. & Co.
Port Huron, Michigan.
DEAR SIR:—Could get no relief from physicians or Pepsin. The action of your POWDERS is something wonderful. Yours truly, F. J. O'NEILL.

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PENN MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. of PHILA.

Assets, $8,833,807.72. Organized in 1847. Purely Mutual. Surplus, $1,609,462.85.
Thirty-five years' Successful Business.
All approved forms of Life and Endowment Policies issued. Policies absolutely non-forfeitable for "reserve" value, and incontestable after three years, except for fraud.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Manteno, Ill., July 22, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

N. C. H.

Echo, Tenn., July 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

S. A. B.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

O. P. D.

New Castle, Ala., July 24, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

Y. E. M.

Middleway, W. Va., July 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

A. C. H.

Kingsclear, Canada, July 20, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

G. A. H.

Conyers, Ga., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

W. J. L.

Mason, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

B. A. A.

Morning Sun, O., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

J. A. K.

Ford River, Mich., July 22, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

S. G. D.

Anna, Ill., July 19, 83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

M. E.

Elizabeth, N. J., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. J. M. P.

Saybrook, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

E. E. C.

Cambellsport, Wis., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

L. H.

Williamston, N. C., July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

L. L. P.

Lewisburg, Neb., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

R. H. J.

West Lafayette, O., July 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

H. S. S.

Stevenson, Ala., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. G. C.

Facetiæ.

He laughs best whose laugh lasts.

What are the dimensions of a little elbow room?

Adam was not a Polygamist, although in his day he married all the women in the world.

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June?" sings the poet. He ought to try a raw day in March.

An Iowa editor has a lenghthy editorial entitled "A Month of Horrors," and he was married only about six weeks ago.

Loss of sleep, it is said, is making men small and puny. That is a fact. Just look at the difference in the physique of a delicate scholar and the robust night policeman.

"John," said his teacher, "I am very sorry to have to punish you." "Don't, then," said John, "'cause it always makes me feel bad, too; then we'd both be sorry you did it."

"My dear," said a fond wife, "when we were engaged I always slept with your last letter under my pillow." "And I," murmured the hubby—"I often went asleep over your letters."

A Philadelphia coal dealer took his boy from school because the teacher told the class that 2,240 pounds make a ton. He says that the education that puts such nonsense into people's heads ought not to be encouraged.

It is estimated that if a man lives to 72 years he passes at least 24 years in sleep. So, you see, a man is a pretty good sort of a fellow one-third of the time, had as he may be the remaining two-thirds. Let us be charitable.

He called the landlord and said, "I wish you would send a porter and have my bed turned upside-down so I can have a little better chance to sleep directly on the slats: this tick prevents it in a small way, and I would a great deal rather have the bare slats."

HEART DISEASE in all its forms cured by Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1. by druggists.

Milwaukee reports a rare instance of fraternal affection. A young man there got his brother under the influence of drugs and then eloped with his wife. Such tender-hearted solicitude in bearing another's burdens is seldom evinced in this selfish world.

WHEN the doctors can't cure your Heart Disease, try Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Sold by druggists.

An Irishman was employed in trimming some fruit trees. He went in the morning, and on returning at noon was asked if he had completed his work. "No," was the reply, "but I have cut them all down, and I am going to trim them this afternoon."

MANY times you want to keep meat or fish for several days. Lay it in a Solution of Rex Magnus over night, and you can keep it for weeks. You can also keep milk a week or more by stirring in a little of the "Snow Flake" brand.

The gentleman who had been running a lawn-mower before breakfast for exercise, was gloomy. "I never thought," he said, "that my neighbor, who has always been a dear friend of mine, would put his head out of a window and call me a cross-eyed, bow-legged, low-livered son of a gambler."

A Household Word.

Nothing so distinctly metropolitan has taken so firm a hold of the affections of the traveling public, nor become so thoroughly a household word, as has the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Grand Central Depot, New York City. At present, thousands upon thousands are daily recommending their friends to accord their patronage to the Grand Union, regarding it as they do as next to their own home. Its more than 600 rooms, at $1 and upwards per day, are the cheapest to be obtained in any strictly first-class hotel in New York; while its restaurant, cafe, lunch and wine rooms are without rival. In stopping at this hotel the traveler not only saves the expense of baggage transfer, but carriage hire, while the accommodations secured are strictly first-class and at moderate prices.

Superfluous Hair

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 108 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organing Co., Philada., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED for our new book, THE SPY OF THE REBELLION. By ALLAN PINKERTON, the great detective. True history of the "Spy System," reveals secrets never before published. Elegantly illustrated, thrillingly interesting; sells very rapidly. Special terms free. Address A. G. NETTLETON & CO., Chicago, Ills.

Agents Make money selling our family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

Agents Wanted for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Phila., Pa.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established. 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

HEALTH---BEAUTY.

Strong, Pure and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clear Skin and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

THE SKIN,

After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

—ALSO—

Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to 20 minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first.

AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

A HOME DRUGGIST

TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."

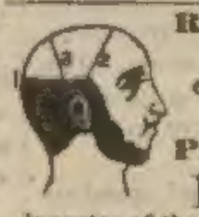
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

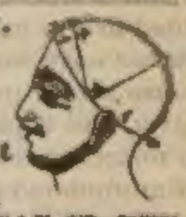
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.



R. DOLLARD.

513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artist IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

Fresh Meat all the Year!

Eggs kept fresh all the Year. Butter kept sweet all the year. Rancid Butter restored to its original sweetness, at the cost of one dollar per year.

NO ICE! NO ICE-BOX! NO SALT!

Nothing deleterious to health, and so simple that a child of eight can do it. For particulars and testimonials send to

GEO. HOLGATE & CO.,

1502 So. Juniper St., Philadelphia, Pa.

John Wanamaker's STORE

Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

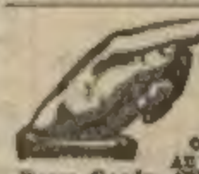
JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA.

We have the largest retail stock in the United States.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SILKMAN'S system.

Those who value immunity from strangulated rupture, and the comforts of physical soundness, should lose no time in securing the benefits of his treatment and remedies. His book, containing likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, with evidence of his success, and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, lawyers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.



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Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock. All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.

COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market St., Philada.

☞ Please say where you saw this Advertisement.

SWAYNE'S PILLS Important to the Sick! Symptoms indicate disease, a continuance, days of suffering,—perchance Death! Symptoms are, impure blood, costiveness, irregular appetite, headache, sour belching, soreness in back, breast and side, heart pains, giddiness, bad color to stools and urine, hot and cold sensations, yellow skin. "SWAYNE'S PILLS" cure by gently removing all corrupt matter, regulating and nourishing the system. 25 cents, (in stamps), box of 30 pills; 5 boxes $1.00, at Druggists or by mail. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

$10.00 AWARD

For the BEST POEM on ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS. Must not exceed 24 lines, nor allude to other makers. Competitors to enclose 25 cents, for which they will receive 12 best assorted steel pens. No puffs wanted. Award made Oct. 1st.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., 26 John St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED.—A RARE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY RAPIDLY, selling our NEW BOOK,

NEW YORK, BY SUNLICHT AND GASLICHT.

Showing up the New York of TO-DAY, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and in fact, every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready, and territory in great demand.

Address, **DOUGLASS BROS., 52 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE novelty of the summer season—after the printed muslin worn by the queens of fashion—is the soie velors, delightfully cool fabric, the ground of which is of chequered summer silk, in various colors and shades, the design being raised in velvet in the leading tone of the chequer.

Thus we have a dark blue velvet arabesque upon a chequered blue and white ground, and a claret velvet arabesque design raised on a claret and white chequered silk fond.

Velvet spots or pois are being shown on fancy chequered grounds, and are of varied sizes.

The chequer is still the rage, and is applied to every class of fabric, from zephyr to satin.

The Russian or Suvaroff cape is still worn, and is not likely to be supplanted, as it can be endlessly varied.

This cape, and the French blouse which were so simple when introduced, has undergone the fate of all fashion vetement, are much changed from the elegant simplicity of their debut.

The blouse in particular has suffered, Japanese sleeves and Watteau pleats being added to mar its primal charm. However, it is not only worn, but is to be worn. The blouse is now made in lace as well as in velvet, and is particularly elegant in muslin matching the costume.

Embroidered as well as printed muslins are worn for garden parties, fetes, etc. These dresses are made up on a silk being used under white muslin, with colored designs.

The Moliere tunic is still used, and is much appreciated in these materials, the embroidered voiles, as well as the plain voiles, are seen everywhere, a sure prelude to their going out of fashion after another season—that is among elegantes. But it is too useful a fabric to be given up entirely.

Still finer in tissue is the voile de l'Inde, which is made in cream white as well as in gray and every shade.

An elegant toilette, which we noted at the Compagnie Lyonnaise, Paris, was made of this lovely material, the skirt covered with flounces and pleatings of voile, and a deep flounce of Alencon point.

Bands of black velvet cross the skirt, draping the tunic in five places. The bodice is trimmed to correspond.

The fashionable flower is the rose de Venus, flesh colored, with buds and rose berries peeping of the very natural foliage.

Chestnuts of gold are still worn, and dandelions with flower and seed pod, are used not only on bonnets, but on ball toilettes. Lace parasols are arranged with Bernhardt fouillis of lace.

Russian fashions are about to lead: the beautiful costumes of the czarina at her coronation, and the subsequent balls and fetes, have created in Parisiennes the desire to adopt similar styles.

The low pointed corsage, has pointed sleeves long, but slashed to the shoulder. This is the type of costume of which we shall hear more shortly, but this style involves the long train, which is indispensable.

A pretty costume is composed of spotted muslin, upon which flowers, in their natural tints, are printed.

These spotted grounds are very stylish, and can be had in very varied styles, the design being flowers or fruit.

The colors of these delightful bonnets match the fruit with which they ornamented. Thus a peach blossom chequeau has a spray of peaches in place of flowers; some gold bees or flies are allowed a resting place here and there on fruit or foliage.

Very long gloves are worn, but the most fashionable, as well as the most costly, are those of fine glace kid.

The gants de Suede are beginning to lose favor, although they will probably be worn for a year or two longer.

Silken and thread hosiery are richly embroidered and are fully displayed by open work shoes and boots, which are cool as well as dressy.

Parasols are worn very large, and are a complete fouillis of lace, too heavy to be pretty.

Ottoman and taffetas are considerably worn by even quite young children for elaborate toilettes, and there is still a strong preference for the crushed strawberry shade.

There is wisdom in this, that the color should be kept for children rather than for ladies, for it is trying to the complexion and needs a pure fresh skin, rosy fresh skin, rosy and delicate, which is rarely preserved beyond early childhood, even in this country, where so many fine complexions are to be seen.

The ottoman forms the casaque, the skirt being of white lace over pleated ottoman or surah. A bouillonne lace waistcoat is placed over a surah foundation, and the large Mazarin collar and parements are also of white lace.

This costume is worn by girls of from four to twelve, which is the latest age when this style of dress, all in one, should be worn.

All fresh simple materials are in requisition, zephyrs and voiles especially. These materials being suitable for all ladies: for the mother, her grown-up daughters, her little girls, and even the baby of two or three years of age.

Many little girls are proud of their rich silk dresses, and this feeling sometimes becomes unpleasantly prominent, but at the same time the little ones are far more easy and comfortable in their simple cotton nursery dresses, in which, if the truth must be told, they look quite as pretty, and which are far more suitable for the ages of the wearers.

Still little ones must have handsome toilettes when they drive with mamma, or when they are permitted to go out to luncheon with her.

Foulard and taffetas are perhaps the favorite materials, but woolen foulards make very handsome dresses, with large spots in a different color; moss green with pink spots is a favorite combination.

The foulard forms the Louis XVI. casaque, edged with a pleating of plain moss satin, which forms the skirt.

The plastron is of pink satin, over which is a puffed blouse of biscuit lace.

Lace blouse-waistcoats can be recommended for their facility of cleaning. Children always soon soil the fronts of their dresses, but the satin keeps clean under the lace which can be washed as often as necessary, being only secured by a few stitches.

If the skirt also is made of the spotted material, it should be trimmed with a band of plain satin, covered with lace like the waistcoat; a deep ruche of foulard can head the flounce.

The Mazarin collar, pockets and parements, are of course of lace.

This very very useful toilette is made in silk or woolen foulards, or in cotton, the style being adapted for washing fabrics.

The summer toilettes that were waiting for appropriate weather have been revealed and have amply fulfilled their promises of beauty and freshness.

They are in the lightest, most airy fabrics, crape voiles, canvas batistes, silky broche grenadines, cellonnes and louisines; then all the pretty varieties of fancy silks are in vogue, especially the glace taffetas with showers of velvety leaves.

The leaves are broche in relief, and look as if they had just fallen from the trees nipped by the first frosts of autumn.

A charming toilette of canvas batiste is bordered with a deep and exceedingly fine pleating.

Fleecy rounded draperies cross the front and are caught up on the left side by rosettes of ruby ribbon velvet; each drapery is bordered by a fine pleating of Saxony lace.

The corsage is edged with two pleatings of lace, and a crapille of lace forms a jabot in front with bands of ruby velvet passing over the shoulders and ending in flat bows front and back.

For dresses of shot silk the following is a good style; the skirt, of shot flamme de punch taffetas, is covered with flounces cut in long scallops pinked out the edge; these flounces are remarkably pretty and effective, the long points fluttering at every movement.

A narrow but very full scarf edges the corsage, and falls at the back in two puffed ends.

The corsage is a paysanne jacket of blue Indian cashmere, the fronts loose over a waistcoat of fancy material, but the backs fitting closely, the pleated basque resting on the puff.

Velvet jackets in predominating shade of the shot silk are very much worn with these dresses, but cashmere is the material most generally combined with shot silk.

Fireside Chat.

COLORED LEAVES: HOW TO PRINT THEM.

DOUBTLESS all our readers have noticed the beautiful and remarkable leaves found on plants which they meet with in their country rambles. To some the wish may have come that a method other than that of the cumbrous herbarium, could be adopted by which the beauties or noteworthy features could be preserved. Such a way we propose in this short article to show them.

The same endless variety prevails in the shape, texture, veining, and outlines of leaves, as is manifested in all the other works of the Creator.

Each plant has its own characteristic leaf. It has some peculiarity of form, of edge of surface, or of veining which is worthy of notice.

Who does not know the irregularly notched and toothed leaf of the dandelion, which doubtless suggested the French name dent de lion, of which the English is a corruption, each division of the apparently ragged edge running backwards towards the crown of the root?

The ivy, with its five strongly-marked lobes, and the narrow leaf of the willow, which by no forcing is compared to the shape of a lance-head, are each characteristic shapes.

Indeed, the leaf of the latter tree is so well known and typical that it is used in the description of phenomena occurring in the atmosphere of the sun.

The maple tree has leaves richly decorative in form, apparently made to the hand of the designer; and no less suggestive are the rounded lobes and sinous edge of the oak-leaf.

The convolvulus has leaves of the shape of an arrow-head, the nasturtium that of a shield, and so of hundreds of plants which some peculiarity of form is worthy of preservation.

How variously the margins of leaves are toothed or cut in to! Thus the nettles, dead and stinging, have obvious saw-like teeth ranging from stalk to tip.

So have rose leaves; but in them the teeth become more attenuated, almost prickly. The vine leaf has large, well-pronounced teeth, but each tooth is cut into by smaller teeth.

The modest, creeping ground-ivy has leaves with rounded notches; the equally humble creeping jenny, with leaves of the same general form, has an unbroken margin. The leaves of the willow and buckthorn have the tiniest teeth possible, while the holly develops its divisions into unmistakable thorns.

It is very charming to notice the gradual changes which occur in the shape of the leaves of a given plant in the various stages of its growth.

Commencing in the bud or the seedling with a very simple form, as each leaf is produced it takes a more and more pronounced shape until the special character peculiar to the plant under study is produced. Then frequently another, or the converse change takes place as the leaf approaches the flower-head or flower, until once again the scale like form is produced.

The sacred writer tells us that "The grass" (or the) leaf "withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away," which is universally true, but it is worthy of note that they do not all wither so soon as each other.

A flower may last for a week; it oftener last only a day. Very few plants develop their blooms for more than a month, and yet fewer still enrich the earth with blooms the whole year round.

With the greatest number the flowering season is over in a few weeks, sometimes days.

A tolerably experienced botanist frequently finds that he has miscalculated the bloom-time of a plant he is searching for. An accident of the season, or of the place of growth, has hastened or retarded development by a few days, and the opportunity is lost.

This difficulty is not felt when leaves are the object of study. We watch them unfolding in the spring, and rejoice in the living green during the summer, to marvel at the glowing colors in the autumn. But there they are the greater part of the year ready to our hand.

Again, many plants the Creator has endowed with mantles of green the whole year through, put on the new before they cast off the old.

A remarkable feature about leaves is the fact that while a plant bears vast masses of foliage, each member of which bears the same character, yet no two are alike in all particulars.

An elm tree, for instance, when full grown, bears about two millions of leaves. Each leaf is unequally sided, has a margin toothed, and each large tooth again notched. Each leaf leaves the stem at about the same angle; the veins of the leaf also leave the principal vein at about the same angle; all the leaves are about the same size, and yet two leaves cannot be found alike in every respect.

For some of the reasons stated above, the leaf is of considerable value in discovering the family to which the particular plant under notice belongs.

Sometimes the character of the leaf is so marked as to enable the student to discover the order, or even the genus, to which it should be referred.

The parts of a plant which are most frequently examined with a view to classification are the stem, the flowers, and the seed.

However, sometimes the stem is undeveloped; the leaves and the flowers grow from the crown of the root; or we miss the time of blooming, and cannot secure the flowers; or, again, it is impossible to obtain the seed in its ripened state, for many plants have a habit of dispersing their seed by the breaking up of the seed-vessel with elastic force as the seed approaches ripeness.

But the leaves can almost always be obtained.

Correspondence.

L. M. M., (Wheeling, Va.)—By all means do as your mother advises you to do.

K. E. B., (Phila., Pa.)—Your father has given you good advice. If you do not succeed you have nobody to blame but yourself. Your writing is good.

T. B. F., (Chicago, Ill.)—The Dot and Dash system of shorthand is very rarely used. It has been replaced by the phonetic system, which is much the better, both as regards speed and accuracy.

M. E. T., (Toland, Conn.)—We do not think any woman looks well in short hair. We believe with the Apostle Paul that a woman's hair is a glory to her. Your handwriting could be very much improved by practicing carefully from a good model.

C. M. K., (Rock Hill, S. C.)—It would put the average young man in a rather embarrassing position to send him to ask your father's consent to such a trifling thing as permission to go to a place of amusement. You should secure the permission yourself.

S. W. T., (Crescent City, Cal.)—The use of hair-powder was driven out of France by republicanism, and out of England by famine. The flour used by the British army alone for whitening their heads was calculated to amount to the annual provision for fifty thousand people.

L. M. F., (Bush Hill, N. C.)—Grace Darling was the daughter of William Darling, lighthouse keeper on Longstone, one of the Farne Islands. On the morning of September 7, 1838, Grace and her father saved nine of the crew of the Forfarshire steamer, wrecked among the Farne Islands opposite Bamborough Castle.

AGNES, (New Haven, Conn.)—You are right. When a person is seventeen he or she has lived seventeen complete years, and until next birthday is in the eighteenth year. If your friend were right, an eighteen months baby would still be in its first year, and we do not know in what year she would place a baby twelve months younger.

W. M. B., (Winchester, Pa.)—A razor will remove hair growing close to the eyes as effectually and easily as if the offending hair were growing on the cheeks. It is very doubtful whether shaving really does stimulate the growth of hair, and it certainly would not produce a crop where none grew naturally. Some barbers use it on the face, and others claim it to be injurious.

MR. S. E., (Wansbard, Wis.)—A cameo is a piece of engraved work, executed in relief, on hard or precious stones, on imitations of such stones in glass, called "pastes" or on the shells of molluscous animals. The derivation of the word is uncertain; that most commonly accepted is from the Arabic word camea, an amulet or charm; but a great many other derivations have been given.

M. A. L., (Norristown, Pa.)—The revolutionary tribunal was established at Paris in August, 1792. Up to 27th July, 1794, when Robespierre was deposed, it put to death 2774 persons, including Queen Marie Antoinette, the Princess Elizabeth, and a large number of nobility and gentry, male and female. The oldest victim was Counsellor Dupin, aged ninety-seven; the youngest, Charles Dubost, aged fourteen. From 27th July to 15th December, 1794 only, Robespierre and his accomplices (about one hundred) suffered by it.

T. S. H., (Summersville, Pa.)—Few people understand when and where not to use the subjunctive mood. The subjunctive mood should not be used after if, expressed or understood, unless denoting a mere supposition. There is a tendency, we are aware, in some writers always to use the subjunctive after if, and especially the expression, if it be, to convey present doubt, instead of confining it to future contingency. Therefore the writer was quite right in saying "If she loves you," for he was only expressing present doubt. In the other case you cite the sentence should read, "If the east road had been the right one he would have traveled by it;" or, "If the east road were the right one he would travel by it."

ARTHUR, (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—Damocles was a courtier of the elder Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse. Having extolled the happiness enjoyed by the possessor of wealth and power, Dionysius gave him a striking illustration of the real nature of such seeming happiness by placing him at a table loaded with delicacies and surrounded by all the insignia of royalty: but in the midst of his magnificent banquet Damocles, chancing to look upwards, saw a sharp and naked sword suspended over his head by a single horse-hair. Damocles was afraid to stir, lest the hair should break and the sword fall on him. The banquet therefore, was a tantalizing torment, and Dionysius thus intimated that the lives of kings are threatened every hour of the day.

JAMES C., (Belpre, Wash, O.)—Most precious stones are characterised by their hardness. The diamond is the hardest substance known, and the varieties of corundum, such as rubies, sapphires, emeralds and Oriental amethysts, come next. The common amethyst is only colored quartz, and although too hard to be scratched with a knife, yields to the file with some difficulty. If you find any pebble which with scratch the smooth surface of a six-sided pyramid of rock, crystal, you may be pretty sure that you have a precious stone, but its money value depends on its clearness and brilliancy. A "rough diamond" has little to distinguish it to the eye from a small quartz pebble.

VIC AND VAN, (Newton, N. J.)—There is really nothing for which the Egyptian mechanics can be said to be famous. The things in which they used to excel are rapidly being forgotten. The fine masonry of the older mosques would be thrown away on the architectural tastes of the present day, and hence the race of skilful masons is becoming extinct. The colored glass which used to be made in great perfection for windows and lamps is the product of a forgotten art, and most of the glass and china used in Egypt—even the national coffee cups—are imported from Europe. The same fate has come to the turners who used to make beautiful lattice window-screens; people now prefer glass, and lattices being no longer required, turners are forgetting how to make them. The potters do a good trade in unglazed porous vessels for cooling water, and the palm furnishes occupation to many hands. Egypt is no longer famous for fine linen; even its cotton and woolen stuffs are coarse, and its silk of poor quality. The tanners, however, have not forgotten their cunning in curing morocco leather, and the love of ornament, extending beyond slippers, supports goldsmiths in all the small towns.